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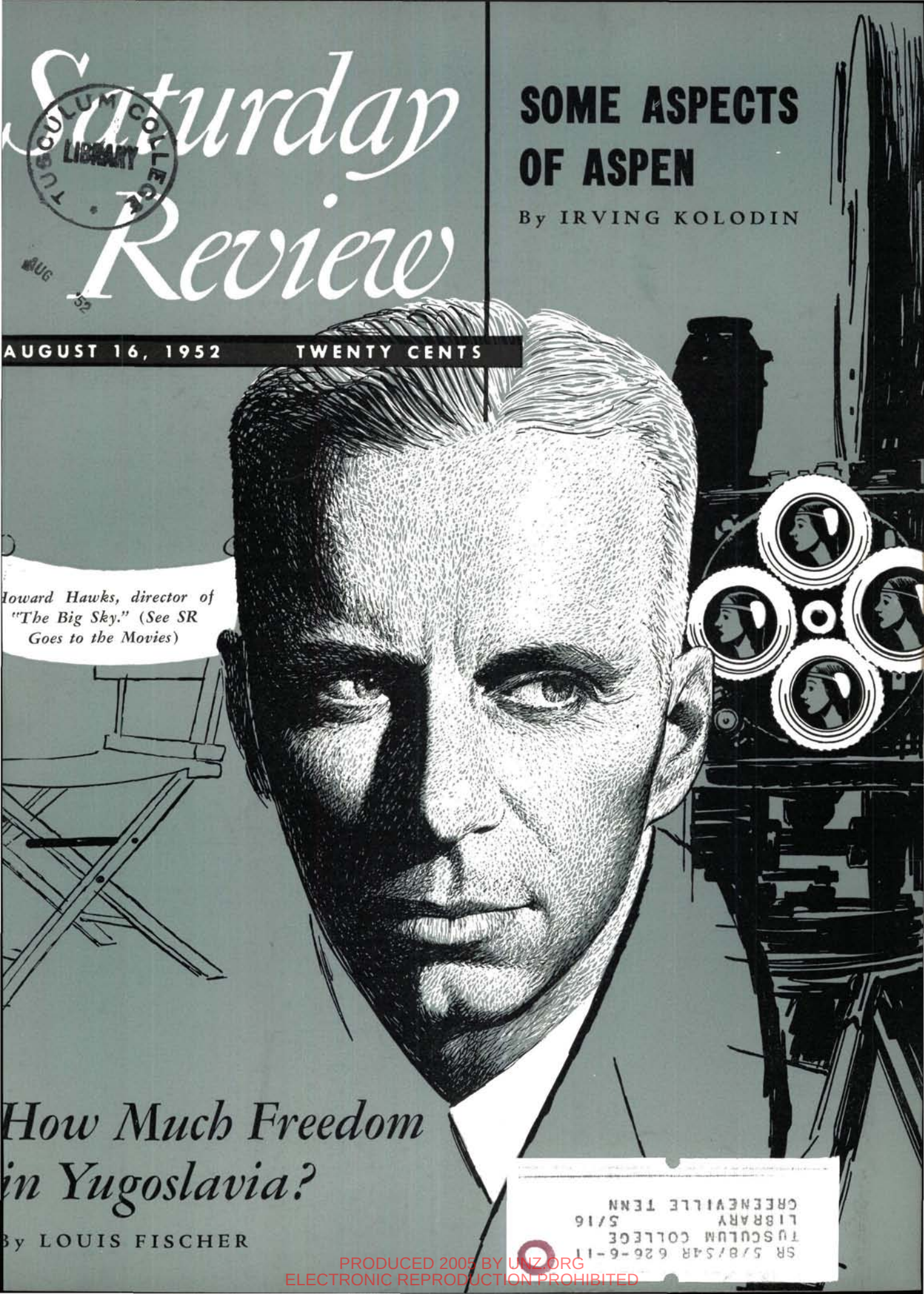
By IRVING KOLODIN



Howard Hawks, director of "The Big Sky." (See SR Goes to the Movies)

How Much Freedom in Yugoslavia?

By LOUIS FISCHER

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 16, 1952

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TRADE Winds

IN THE YEAR 1860, a canny New York publisher named Erastus Beadle joined forces with a fellow named Adams, and introduced to the public a stirring saga entitled "Malaeska, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter." The price asked for a copy of "Malaeska" was a modest one—a thin dime, the tenth part of a dollar. The Messrs. Beadle and Adams may not have realized it at the time, but "Malaeska" was to prove their ticket to immortality. It not only sold 300,000 copies in its first two months, but became number one, volume one, of the dime-novel library that was to be the dominating factor in American book publishing for the next two decades.

The author of "Malaeska" was a woman—and a very remarkable woman she was, too. Her name was Ann S. Stephens. In one phase of her Jekyll-and-Hyde existence she dashed off blood-and-thunder stuff like "Malaeska," in which first appeared the immortal phrases "many a dusky form bit the dust and many a savage howl followed the discharge of his trusty gun" and "touch but a hair of her head and, by the Lord that made me, I will bespatter yonder tree with your brains." In the other phase she applied her talents with equal facility to such treatises as "The Ladies' Complete Guide to Crochet, Fancy Knitting, and Needle Work." Between times she also served as editor of *The Ladies Home Companion*, a magazine which attacked as "shocking and immoral" the very dime novels she was turning out by the dozen under assorted *noms de plume*.

Directly Messrs. Beadle and Adams realized they had a gold mine on their hands, they issued the following list of rules and restrictions:

1. We prohibit all things offensive to good taste in expression or incident.

2. We prohibit subjects or characters that carry an immoral taint.

3. We require pronounced strength of plot and high dramatic interest of story.

4. Authors must be familiar with characters and places which they introduce, nor attempt to write in fields of which they have no intimate knowledge.

Having issued this manifesto, Beadle and Adams promptly proceeded to ignore all qualifications except the one about pronounced strength of plot. Imitators were soon snapping at their their heels (to this day the originator of a new idea in publishing can count on only about a year of grace before a half dozen substitutes are on the market) and the plots of the ten-cent thrillers grew continually wilder and more lurid. Train robbers, killers, and devious detectives supplanted Indians and frontiersmen, and the lot of them were soon wading about in buckets of blood.

Among Erastus Beadle's stable of best-selling authors were "Bruin" Adams, Fred Whittaker, Mayme Reid, W. F. Cody, Edward S. Ellis, and Jonathan Slick, though how many of these names were mere pseudonyms for the prolific Ann Stephens, deponent knoweth not. Certain it is that such luminaries as Thackeray and Dickens, whom she entertained in her stately New York mansion, little knew of the darker—and more profitable—side of her dual literary personality.

It is the notion of Leonard Hoffman, of 2108 North Beverly Glen, Los Angeles 24, that a very charming musical comedy or motion picture could be built around the complicated social and creative life of Ann Stephens. The chorus, of course, might be the high public authorities and rival publishers who were attacking the gory dime novels in public and trying desperately to get in on the racket behind the scenes. Olivia de Haviland or Miriam Hopkins, to name but two stars, could play the part of Ann Stephens with their hands tied behind

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their backs. See Leonard Hoffman for further particulars.

THE WISDOM OF BREAKING IN A BIG, bouncy Broadway musical somewhere out of town was emphasized more clearly than ever before by the misadventures of "Wish You Were Here." Because the proceedings involve the use of a large and unwieldy swimming tank, the management decided to open cold in New York. As a result, the all-important first performance was ragged and unpolished, at least two of the leads hardworking and willing but obviously not as good as they might have been, and the reviews correspondingly lukewarm.

The critics ought to go back for a second look. Because "Wish You Were Here," with the rough edges smoothed by experts, is now the first-rate, ingratiating frolic it should have been when it opened. Audiences love it. Word of mouth may overcome the unfavorable notices yet. Certainly "Wish You Were Here" is blessed by one of the gayest and loveliest scores in years. It is the work of Harold Rome, composer of "Call Me Mister" and "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones," and will soon be available for those who can't get to the show in a Victor album that is a delight from beginning to end.

"Wish You Were Here," of course, is the musical version of Arthur Kober's hilarious story of a summer camp for adults in the Catskills, "Having Wonderful Time." That was the play that rocketed the late John Garfield to stardom, and reminded Georgie Jessel of his own foray into the Borscht Circuit. He says he fled in three days because he was blinded by the sour cream. And his hotel proprietor boasted, "You should see the business we're doing! We've got them sleeping under the beds! The roof leaks. . . ."

Requirement for Hammock Reading

By Richard Armour

For hammock reading, give me books
  By novelist or bard
Whose binding, howso'er it looks
  Is not too stiff and hard.

Yes, cloth instead of boards is best
  While swinging neath my willow,
So that, when I would take my rest,
  My book's a decent pillow.

HAMMOCK READING CONJURES UP visions of chronic doodlers and lazy fellows who neither toil nor spin—an enviable group who at last received their due in a piece called "In Praise of Idleness," written by Edward Hyams for London's *New Statesman* magazine:

> The notion that work is meritorious is of Puritan origin. It belongs to that middle-class which, having none of the virtues of blue blood, romantic courage, or wit, was forced to fall back on mere industry to forward its interest. Hence its influence in our own North and Midlands, and in the United States. The amusing, the brillant, the creative peoples, the Greeks of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., the Tudor English, the seventeenth-century French, were a lot of pub-crawling loafers with noses perfectly innocent of the touch of the grindstone. Application to work, on the other hand, was to be found among such peoples of indifferent genius as the

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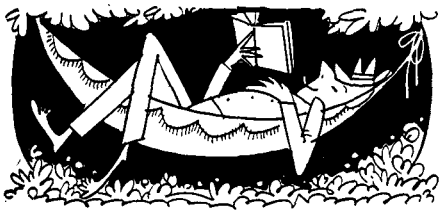
drearily industrious Romans and Carthaginians.

Presumably the Puritan protestants worked hard not only because they were ambitious but on religious grounds: when Man, in Adam's person, was cast out of Eden, he was cursed by God to get his break in the sweat of his face. I repeat, cursed. Work, therefore, is a curse, not a blessing, and the blessed condition is idleness, or rather the congenial paradise pastimes of



hunting, food-gathering, and the arts: the Golden Age was the palaeolithic. To regard work as desirable or admirable is unquestionably blasphemous, and the early Puritans were, accordingly, a sober, sour-faced crew who accepted the curse as such, working in the full consciousness that they were suffering, not enjoying. It can also be argued that to rejoice in idleness is to defy Heaven; but a posture of defiance is proper to the scientific rational humanist, that is, the man of the Left.

It may be that our present uncomfortable situation calls for hard work. But when we are criticized by Americans or—for that matter—Russians, who are agreed about our laziness if about nothing else, we need not take the attitude of a man guilty of a crime. It would, of course, be much more profitable for capitalist employers or Communist commissars if the workers really enjoyed wasting their lives at the conveyor belt. But since this is not the case, it is worth our while to remember that even religion calls work accursed, that there is no virtue in it as such, and that if we really must increase production in order to keep the U.N. in bombs, because the Russians are increasing production to keep the Soviet world in bombs, because the West is increasing production to keep the U.N. in bombs . . . at least, while we sip our tea, let us bear in mind that this is not virtue, not a blessing, but merely malign misfortune.

MR. HYAMS IS A MIGHTY PERSUASIVE gent, and since I'm lucky enough to have the talented Laura Hobson once more in the wings, agreeable to the notion of standing in for me again as conductor of TRADE WINDS for the next four weeks, I'm off for a little pub-crawling loafing of my own. See you again in the issue of September 20. Don't you miss the column in the meantime! Hobson's choice!

—BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 16, 1952

How Much Freedom in Yugoslavia?

LOUIS FISCHER

—Bachrach.
Louis Fischer

AS long as the Tito Government of Yugoslavia owned and ran all the publishing houses of the country, writers were well paid, good and bad books got published, printings were big, and mountains of unsold literature piled up in warehouses. The publishing houses were working on state subsidies and their goal was maximum output which could serve as proof of the spread of culture. Nobody bothered to make an inventory of the books nobody wanted to buy. A recent stock-taking showed that this total waste had cost six billion dinar, or $13,000,000—in a poor country with a population of sixteen millions.

Now the Titoists, having abolished private capitalism in industry when their regime was founded, have abolished state capitalism too and, beginning in 1951, turned over all enterprises —book publishing, the railroads, mines, factories, newspapers, wholesale and retail merchandising, municipal transportation, everything—to their employes. "This is Marx's commune," a high Belgrade official said to me. Boris Kidrich, an economist member of the Yugoslav Politburo, denied that Karl Marx had regarded nationalization of industry as the Socialist panacea or a practical necessity. Milovan Djilas, another member of the Politburo and usually rated No. 4 man in Yugoslavia, a professional writer who is now at work on a novel, said to me, "I've just finished reading Aneurin Bevan's 'In Place of Fear.' He is close to us and we regard him as a friend, but he makes a mistake in thinking that nationalization is the cure."

The Yugoslav Communists found that nationalized industry bred a power-hungry, top-heavy, inefficient, undemocratic bureaucracy which killed workers' incentive and piled up deficits. Studying the Soviet prototype—every analysis of Yugoslavia begins with a study of Russia—the Titoists concluded that the descent of the Bolshevik Revolution into its present decadence was due to the centralized bureaucracy which manipulates the state, the Party, and the people. "We decided," Tito said in my second talk with him, "to accentuate the struggle against bureaucracy; the best method of doing so was by decentralization. We have transferred the functions of state management down to the broadest strata in order to avoid the phenomena now visible in the Soviet Union, where citizens are deprived of all liberties and of personal initiative. In this field we have achieved big successes."

—Bimrose in The Portland Oregonian.
"Achilles Heel?"

THE Tito goal is the withering away of the state and, ultimately, of the Communist Party. This, they submit, is the road to freedom.

The Yugoslav regime is groping for new forms, for something that is neither capitalism nor Stalinism. They do not believe that they have all the answers yet. Bolshevik thinking was always rigid; this month's Moscow Party line was always correct, unassailable, infallible. So will its complete opposite be next month. But the Belgrade leaders are flexible. "That is the great service the Stalinists did us, they freed us from dogmatism," Mosha Pijade, the sixty-three-year-old Yugoslav ideologue, painter, and member of the Politburo, said to me.

At dinner *à trois* in the home of Kidrich, with Djilas as the other guest, I asked them what they thought of Trotsky. Kidrich screwed up his fat face into a grimace of disapproval and said, "He was too dogmatic."

The political elasticity reacts on literature and art. The Yugoslav publishing houses—each directed by a Workers' Council elected by a public meeting of all employees and managed

Louis Fischer is the author of many books on foreign affairs of which the latest, "The Life and Death of Stalin," will be reviewed next week.

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Kidrich: "Trotsky was too dogmatic."

by a specialist whom the Council hires—print, and the shops sell, books of an idealistic, realistic, materialistic, surrealistic, Freudian, existentialist, religious, mystic content. Some books are Marxist, most are not. Among the foreign literature, newly translated into Serbo-Croat, seen in windows and on store shelves are: Sartre, Dickens, Shakespeare, Turgeniev, Tolstoy, Pushkin, Lermontov, Dostoievsky, Thomas Wolfe, Faulkner, Thornton Wilder, Hemingway, "Gone With the Wind," Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights" (which had a tremendous sale after the picture was shown), Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," Mark Twain, the memoirs of Churchill, Bradley, Eisenhower, Montgomery, and Stettinius, and Rimbaud, Proust, Kafka, Gide, Selma Lagerlöf, Thomas Mann, etc.

In 1950, 4,371 titles were published in Yugoslavia; in 1951, 4,965, of which 940 were books of fiction and 961 political. The very large remainder dealt with scientific subjects. The country is backward, and the hunger and need for technological information are enormous. Since the nation cannot afford the considerable foreign-currency outlay to buy foreign scientific and scholarly journals, UNESCO supplies microfilms of many of these publications and a cooperating Yugoslav agency then transcribes the articles and distributes them among interested persons and institutes.

There is no censorship of books in Yugoslavia. This was said to me by several critics, several authors, and several political leaders, and confirmed by foreigners long resident in Titoland. There is no literary dictator, no man like Zhdanov, who laid down the cultural policy in Russia until his death in 1948.

"But would you publish a political book which was an attack on Marxism?" I asked Djilas. He replied that probably no publisher would do so. "If you learned that a Marxist book was prohibited in America or England or France," I pressed, "you would say those countries were not free, wouldn't you?" He accepted the implied criticism of Yugoslavia and went on to explain that they had come a long way since their rupture with Russia and the Cominform in June 1948. Until then the pressures to toe a literary and artistic line were as severe as in the Soviet colonies and motherland today.

Yugoslav citizens and non-Yugoslav observers testify that the cultural night has been turned into day since the break with Russia. Yugoslavia, nevertheless, remains a one-party state. No expression of sympathy for or agreement with the Soviet Union is allowed. Soviet films are barred, but American, British, French, and Italian pictures pack the

Djilas: "Bevan makes a mistake."

bioscopes (movie houses). No political argument for capitalism would be countenanced. Fiction, however, and poetry, music, painting, sculpture, and theatre are free from official direction or restraint.

Lively literary controversies shake the Yugoslav air. Eli Finshi, editor of the literary fortnightly *Svedochanstva* (*Testimony*), circulation 14,000, said to me, "We are in a state of permanent civil war with the fortnightly *Literary Journal*" (circulation 10,000). Both magazines are printed on the presses of the Belgrade daily *Borba*, the Communist Party organ. "*Literary Journal*," Finshi explained, "is conservative and super-realistic. It contends that literature must reflect social life, while we argue that art can be subjective, pessimistic, or optimistic, or whatever the author wishes to make it." Critics argue publicly for and against the intrusion of politics into fiction.

This spring, Jean Anouilh's "Theatre Ball" was staged in Belgrade. Mrs. Mitra Mitrovich, the Minister of Education of Serbia, declared that the play was bad. It was shut down. Immediately, Finshi wrote an article entitled "The Right to Laugh" condemning Mrs. Mitrovich's criticism. Five days later the play was reopened.

Finshi, knowing he was speaking to me for publication, praised Stanislav Vinaver, a Yugoslav poet and Bergsonian anti-Marxist of Polish-Jewish extraction, who regularly scoffs at Marxist standards in literature and has written a book on language which is avowedly opposed to Marxist analyses of culture. Finshi himself is a veteran Communist.

THE hottest and most prolonged literary battle in Yugoslavia has raged around the noble head of Negosh. Bishop Petar Petrovich-Negosh was the ruling prince of Montenegro and is regarded by most Yugoslavs as the greatest writer the Yugoslav lands have produced. (Some, however, award the crown to Miroslav Krlezha, a poet, dramatist, and novelist now living in Croatia who has been translated into Bulgarian, Italian, and German.) Last year, the centenary of Negosh's death was commemorated throughout the country with performances of his epic "Mountain Wreath" and with generous eulogies. Notable among the tributes to Negosh was that of Isidora Sekulich, a well-known writer in her sixties, who published a book in ecstatic praise of the bishop's mystic, idealistic, patriotic qualities. Djilas therewith wrote an article for *Borba* stating that while he rated Negosh very highly as an artist, it was not fitting to hero-worship him as a superman. *Nin*, a literary weekly,

Pijade: "Stalinists freed us from dogmatism."

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fiercely denounced Djilas's attack. So did other critics. In self-defense, Djilas wrote a book about Negosh taking issue at length with Isidora Sekulich. His book and hers are now sold side by side in bookstores. At one stage in the Negosh controversy, when the brickbats flew thick and fast in Djilas's direction, he, a member of the Politburo, said to a group of *Svedochanstva* editors, "After all, maybe I too have a right to say what I think." *Svedochanstva* of April 5, 1952, printed an article by Sekulich on page two and an answering essay by Djilas on page three.

Free criticism and the public airing of differences are features of democratic society. The Titoists were expelled from the Cominform family for heresy and insubordination. This does not preclude their being just as intolerant as the masters whom they refused to obey, but one gathers the impression that much distinguishes them from the new Bolshevik type forged on the anvil of terror in the Stalin national prison. In Russia, even in the relatively liberal Twenties, the police at the frontier station gathered up every scrap of printed and written matter in one's luggage and passed it to a special agent for meticulous examination. Entering or leaving the country, this was the fixed procedure. When I entered Yugoslavia, the only inspection to which I was subjected was a perfunctory dig of the customs official's hand into one of my three pieces of luggage, and on leaving, my bags were not opened.

FOREIGNERS travel freely and without permission throughout Yugoslavia (except, obviously, in restricted military areas). One day I strolled into a Belgrade girls' high school, knocked at a classroom door, walked in, and sat down on a bench at the rear of the class. The woman teacher politely approached me; I said I was an American journalist; she explained what was going on, and, a few moments later, by coincidence, the principal came in, was introduced to me, told me in French about the school and welcomed questions. I invaded a village school in the Voivodina in the same unceremonious manner and within a few moments, with the teacher's permission, I was interrogating the boys and girls about Tito, Stalin, Churchill, Truman, and other political topics. I visited a cooperative farm in the company of another American and his interpreter. We had obtained no official sanction. We simply arrived and went to the cooperative office where we crossexamined the person in charge. He said the farm was ruled by its general assembly

(*Continued on page* 35)

Louis Adamic's Yugoslavia

—*Donald Beck.*

FROM early 1946 Louis Adamic published nothing without asking, paying for, and seldom taking, my advice. I am told he called me his closest friend; certainly he was mine. "The Eagle and the Roots,"* which has lately been published, we were to have read together before he rendered the manuscript to the publisher; I was daily expecting his summons when death so outrageously summoned him. (In these pages there are clues which could lead to the perpetrators of that crime.) If the question be raised whether I can report without bias on the work of one whom I held so high in admiration and affection, I can only say that such is my honest purpose. I count it advantageous that my reading has taken in much of the literature of controversies here touched upon, and that I knew what manner of man—honest as sunlight, wholly selfless, contemptuous of wealth and fame, a hater of cruelty and exploitation and sham, a lover of reason and justice and (far beyond my own capacity) of humanity—wrote this large, crowded, searching, compassionate, and exalted book.

Louis, having spent seven months in the new Yugoslavia—traveling 11,000 miles, visiting battlefields and sites of torture and massacre, inspecting mines and factories and hydroelectric plants, looking into the faces of thousands of peasants and workers, talking with poets, teachers, political leaders, technicians, and Tito—faced the difficulty that a favorable report could be discounted because of his Yugoslav birth. As to that I can only say, read the book.

Here is Tito the man, pictured in the round not only by his own testimony but by that of his peasant relatives and his official associates. Here is Tito the hero, the ideal, and the idea, of whom millions chant, "We are Tito's, Tito is ours!" (Louis lingered over the temptation to call the book "Tito Is Tito Is Tito," but agreed with my reluctant advice that it wouldn't quite do.) Here are the story of the *borba*, the national struggle of unparalleled heroism in which more than 1,700,000 Yugoslavs died, more by massacre than in battle, that a nation might be born; the story of the divided church, with many priests and higher clergy standing by their people, while others were the instigators or even the armed leaders of incredible sadistic slaughter; the story of *partizanstvo*, the exalted and almost mystical spirit which sustained the ragged and starving patriots in battle and campaign, in which they found joy in suffering and spiritual, even physical, rejuvenation; the story of international intrigue which all but stifled the new nation in its cradle; the story of the energetic beginnings of the building of Socialism in Yugoslavia; and the fantastic story of the Yugoslav-Cominform split.

Endlessly fascinating to Louis Adamic were the plain people with their fears and hopes, their clear understanding of basic issues, their boundless courage and determination to end old evils and somehow enter into a new dawn. There is nothing in all history quite like this Yugoslav story. After centuries of an enslavement by Turks and Austrians, after generations of exploitation by foreign capital, the little nation that is six little nations, in a sudden paroxysm purged itself of the slave-minded, the mercenary, the sadistic, the mean-spirited elements; the brave stood up, beleaguered but dauntless, and in the end compelled the world's grudging recognition.

Loathing politics, Louis Adamic could sometimes form questionable political judgments. His tentative conclusions concerning the motivation of some of the unhappier features of Soviet policy should be read with caution. But as to the specific quarrel between Moscow and the Cominform on the one hand, and Tito's Yugoslavia on the other, he is factual, specific, and enlightening. He cites the Kremlin's reasons for trying to discourage, even to forbid, the Yugoslav *borba*; they were weighty reasons, yet nothing can condone the Kremlin's stupidity in failing to see in the *borba* a people's movement so spontaneous, so tremendous, so historically right, as to call imperatively for Soviet support at whatever cost of embarrassment to the Soviet policy of courting the Western powers. The honesty and rectitude, the dignity and decency, the Socialist intelligence and integrity of Tito and his associates, held the possibility of great and good things for all nations in the future; and in the foreshadowing of this hope lies perhaps the greatest interest and value of this absorbing, exciting, and profoundly moving book.

—SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

**THE EAGLE AND THE ROOTS. By Louis Adamic. New York: Doubleday & Co. 531 pp. $5.*

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History. For a quarter of a century now Harold Lamb has been busily burrowing into the records of the Near East and the Mediterranean during ancient times and the Middle Ages—places and periods about which his fellow Americans are woefully ignorant. From them he has re-created with the eye of a painter and the pen of a dramatist the lives of such world-shakers as Ghengis Khan, Tamerlane, Alexander of Macedon, and Suleiman the Magnificent. Whether what results is history or fictionalized history has long been a moot question among orthodox historians, but almost everyone who has read his books agree that they offer vivid and substantially reliable portraits of real if exotic men. His latest book, "Theodora and the Empress," which Mr. Lamb styles a "drama" of Justinian, emperor of Rome, and his colorful consort, is reviewed below. There is also a biography of an earlier Roman, "Caesar" (page 11).

From Scythia to Cyrene

THEODORA AND THE EMPEROR. By Harold Lamb. New York: Doubleday & Co. 336 pp. $4.50.

By Geoffrey Bruun

THE great conquerors of Asia—Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Suleiman the Magnificent—seldom receive their due in our conventional history texts. Harold Lamb, who has made them better known to American readers through his popular biographies, now adds another enigmatic Easterner to his lively portrait gallery—Justinian the Great, the "first Byzantine."

The result is half-fictionalized history, of the type at which Mr. Lamb excels, and it is written with his customary virtuosity and gusto. It is not, however, as entertaining as his short stories nor as well constructed as most of his historical narratives.

The fault lies in the material. Justinian, the country youth who became a Roman emperor, was not a magnetic or glamorous character. Thoughtful, dogged, abstemious, he plotted and governed from his study. The men he used, in his long struggle to rebuild the Roman Empire from Constantinople two centuries after Rome had fallen, constantly overshadow him. John of Cappadocia, who manipulated the imperial finances, Narses the Eunuch, who yearned to command armies, Tribonian, who drafted the Code of Justinian, and Anthemius from Tralles, who designed the church of Saint Sophia, all steal the spotlight from the scholar-emperor whenever they cross the stage.

The real hero of this sixth-century drama was Belisarius, the general who made Justinian's dreams come true temporarily by reconquering Carthage from the Vandals and Italy from the Ostrogoths. In the passages that describe the battles, marches, and stratagems of Belisarius the narrative has all the qualities, focus, economy, tension, and sweep that justify Mr. Lamb's popularity. One could wish he had broadened his treatment of the military campaigns on which he writes with authority.

For the plots, the spying, the backstairs gossip that flourished in the shifty byways of Byzantium are too intricate to follow. The court officers with their illustrious titles, the churchmen with their incomprehensible dogmatism, the secretaries, attendants, and couriers seem, like Justinian himself, to lack dimension. This defect in characterization applies in some degree to Theodora also.

Once again the intractability of the material is to blame. The title of this book gives Theodora star billing. The subtitle, "The Drama of Justinian," shifts the emphasis; and as the narrative grows Belisarius constantly threatens to usurp the lead. Theodora's activities lie too much outside the current of major events to make her seem important. Despite the romance of her rise and reign, despite Mr. Lamb's dexterity in playing up her intrigues and actions, she fails to capture the sympathy or to hold the close interest of the reader. More might have been made of this "first feminist of the modern world." If throughout these 300 pages Justinian remains "a paradox" as the author admits, the character of Theodora remains unresolved. Mr. Lamb's final chapter on the sources and the problems he coped with might serve as a warning to anyone who thinks it is easy to write a clear, popular account of a dark and troubled period.

Geoffrey Bruun is the author of "The Survey of European Civilization," "Europe in Evolution," and other books.

—Culver Service.

Justinian and Theodora with members of their court.

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Last Republican

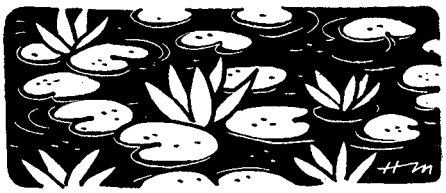
CAESAR. By Gerard Walter. Translated by Emma Craufurd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 637 pp. $5.

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

THE history of Rome, superficially at least, can be readily understood and should be studied by everyone for its lesson. On balance, it is the story of a remarkable city-state which seemed to pile success upon monumental success and yet, perhaps because of its failure to think, finally enmeshed itself and the civilized world in catastrophe. This also is true: the Roman Republic, which rose from an insignificant town in Latium to a position of world empire, destroyed the civil liberty of the Romans in the hour of their triumph. The Republic and the man of genius, Julius Caesar, who did so much to kill it, were, like all societies and individuals, full of paradoxes and contradictions.

Antiquity is the only period of history which is sufficiently long and complete and complex to provide us with a truly helpful perspective. As we look at it, we see that there had been wonderful adventures in culture, and here the people of Sumer, Egypt, and Babylon, of Crete and Mycenae and Greece equaled or surpassed the Romans. But only two of these early people had hold of an eternal idea: the Jews, whose monotheism in its Christian form was to capture the Roman world, and the contentious Greeks, whose sheer intellectualism questioned everything on earth and in heaven.

Caesar's task, whatever it might be, was admittedly difficult for, as Mommsen has remarked, "there was in the world as Caesar found it much of the noble heritage of past centuries and an infinite abundance of pomp and glory, but little spirit, still less taste, and least of all true delight in life. It was indeed an old world; and even the richly gifted patriotism of Caesar could not make it young again." It was Caesar's opportunity to determine what elements of life and virtue still remained in the Roman world and to organize them for the future. His murder in 44 B.C. made an immediate settlement impossible; as one of his friends said to Cicero, "If Caesar, with all his genius, could not find a way out, who will now?"



It seems to me a thousand pities that the French historian Gerard Walter should deliberately have chosen to cut himself off from these wider horizons. Instead, he has produced a big book devoted exclusively to Caesar. I hasten to add, however, that the heart of the book (some 370 pages) makes interesting reading, for Walter has drawn heavily on Caesar's own writings to describe the conquest of Gaul, the invasions of Germany and Britain, the creation of a personal army, and the ensuing civil war. The opening up of Northwestern and Central Europe to Roman civilization was to have momentous consequences, though Gaul's immediate importance to Caesar was that it enabled him to become dictator of the civilized world.

Walter also tells, if rather slowly, how the unscrupulous politician grew into a distinguished statesman, lawgiver, and reformer. An orator of great clearness and force, an incessant builder of useful public works, a master of simple prose, Caesar was, moreover, both a military genius and a humane conqueror. And yet he could not—nor could any Roman statesman, for that matter—devise institutions by means of which ancient man, dispensing with paternal despotism, might safeguard his interests.

Even within his own limitations, however, Walter has set his sights too low. What could have been more fateful to man, for example, than the First Triumvirate: Pompey the Great, vain, pompous, and honorable; Caesar, with his commanding intelligence and popularity with the masses; Crassus, the influential capitalist thirsting for the military glory of his colleagues, all three jealous and suspicious of each other? Walter devotes his chapter on the First Triumvirate to a closely reasoned and not very significant discussion of its date. Earlier, indeed, the book introduces us to Crassus through his wife, a woman "distinctly below par. . . . This did not prevent him [Caesar], however, from tasting of the charms of this amiable woman in her fifties. The result was a warm friendship which Crassus showed at this time towards his happy substitute. Henceforth he swore by Caesar alone." The last statement, at any rate, is certainly false.

C. A. Robinson, Jr., professor of the classics at Brown University, is the author of "Ancient History," "Alexander the Great," and other volumes.

History of a Veil

SEVEN BRITONS IN IMPERIAL RUSSIA, 1698-1812. Edited by Peter Putnam. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 424 pp. $7.50.

By Ernest J. Simmons

ACCOUNTS of travelers visiting foreign lands are, for obvious reasons, questionable source material for the careful historian. One recalls with mingled indignation and amusement the many books on America by early foreign travelers—Dickens, for example—whose subjective observations were highly colored by their own mental astigmatism, provincialism, and an absurd moral rectitude. Or one remembers how shocked Dostoievsky was over the slums of London without seeming to realize that the slums of his native St. Petersburg presented a picture of human sordidness and depravity hardly to be equaled elsewhere. Then there are those endless "weekend" accounts of American travelers to the Soviet Union—when it was possible for foreigners to make even a brief visit to that country—which as objective observation have served largely to deepen the enigma of that land and its peoples.

Peter Putnam, however, has fashioned a unique travel book on Russia that may serve both as fascinating matter for the curious who enjoy reading about foreign lands and as a valuable source book for the scholarly historian. To begin with he has selected a definite period, the eighteenth century, and he has combed the literature of England for accounts of British travelers who had visited Russia during those years. Exclusive of the official correspondence of the various diplomats, he has turned up the published volumes of twenty-six British travelers to Russia between 1698 and 1812. After a careful reading of this material, he has singled out seven books on the basis of the following considerations: the character and background of their authors, the content of their works, and the significance of the historical period or phase described by each writer. Further criteria for the selection of passages from these seven works include a representation of four types of travelers in Russia and a pattern of "observations on matters of sufficient importance, viewed with sufficient understanding, and expressed with suffi-

Ernest J. Simmons is chairman of the department of Slavic languages and professor of Russian literature at the Russian Institute of Columbia.

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cient facility to offer interest, enlightenment, and readability to the modern student." Mr. Putnam has also drawn upon all this English travel literature in the eighteenth century and much other material to provide highly informative editorial comments on various matters connected with the selected passages. In order to give his readers a basis for judging the quality of the observations, and the training, intellectual honesty, and prejudices of each of the travelers, Mr. Putnam prefaces the selections from the several accounts with detailed biographies and historical studies of the seven authors which are models of discernment and judicious appraisal. Finally, the editor has added an extensive introduction, involving mostly a comparison of England and Russia during the eighteenth century, which again serves as both an explanation and a corrective on the experiences and judgments of these British travelers in Russia, and a brief conclusion in which he offers his own analysis of the historical value of all this material.

The result of this careful procedure is a book which is an important contribution to our historical knowledge of eighteenth-century Russia. The ensuing mosaic of impressions, observations, and experiences from such varied points of view constructs a pattern of Russian life at that time which is immensely informative and convincing. John Perry served for years (1698-1712) as an engineer under the tireless Peter the Great and his account reveals the imagination and incredible efforts that went into the huge projects so often frustrated by the poverty of human means available.

The story of the merchant Jonas Hanway (1743-1750), in his amazing expedition down the Volga to the Caspian, is not only a memorable record of adventure, but also sheds much light on that extraordinary combination of individual daring and canny mercantile sense that won for the British the fabulous trade of Russia and helped to build up the world fame of their merchant marine. On the other hand the humanist William Richardson, in his stay in St. Petersburg

—*From "Wild Men in the Middle Ages."*

Fifteenth-century wild man (German).

(1768-1772), tells in colorful detail of the splendor of Catherine's court, of the interesting personality of the empress, and the degradation among the Russians of that human dignity which he regarded as the true measure of social and political progress. The ambassador to that same court, Sir James Harris (1777-1783), saw a different aspect of Catherine and her favorites —their venality, immorality, and endless struggle for power. From the scholarly William Coxe, tutor to a noble English lord in Russia (1778-1779), we obtain a picture of many aspects of Russian society, as well as an expression of faith that the country was moving by slow steps toward a higher level of civilization. The painter Robert Ker Porter saw Russian life (1805-1807) with the vivid imagination of a creative artist, both delightful and disgusting. Finally, Sir Robert Wilson, chivalrous soldier of an international crusade, has left behind him a memorable picture of Russian behavior during the horrible retreat of Napoleon's army in 1812.

To be sure, the large canvas of eighteenth-century Russia painted by these various brushes and from different points of view is in no sense a complete one. The perspective of each of these British travelers is obscured by his faulty understanding of the inner conflicts and psychological perplexities of the Russian people. But from the total picture emerge certain constants of national behavior and political rule which tend to support the belief of that modern school of Western historians which regards the history of Russia before and after 1917 as essentially an historical continuum.

Peeper's Song

By Jan Struther

THE year is half done;
The farms are in drought;
But do not despair, man,
There's hope for the land:
Steve's going to run;
Ike's caught a trout;
And MacArthur's the Chairman
Of Remington Rand!

Shackles of the Spirit

WILD MEN IN THE MIDDLE AGES: A Study of Art, Sentiment, and Demonology. By Richard Bernheimer. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 224 pp. $4.

By KENNETH M. SETTON

FOR the reader who likes to know where the reviewer stands in the first sentence, let me state that this is an excellent book. It is learned, instructive, entertaining, and well-written. Mr. Bernheimer has presented, with much skill, some of the numerous and varied appearances of the wild man—an entirely imaginary creature—in art and literature, mythology and folklore, theatrical performances and heraldic devices. His studies have ranged from Graeco-Roman antiquity to early modern times; his subject is well-chosen and his synthesis is illuminating. His book will be most useful to the student of art history.

Gone are the good old days of nineteenth-century art criticism, monumentalized in the sturdy volumes of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, when works of medieval and Renaissance art could be evaluated on the basis of such time-worn clichés as their possessing character and individuality, ease and grace of movement, softness of expression, realism, warmth of color, and all the rest. The art historian of today, with the "Iconologia" of old Cesare Ripa always at hand, must go far beyond the obvious and superficial judgment, and analyze for the more critical student the artist's meaning and his purpose by interpreting his use of iconographical types, for the art of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance is rich in symbolism and the artist always knew what he was doing. Every serious reader of Mr. Bernheimer's book will hereafter look at wild men in works of art and literature with more respect and with more understanding. Perhaps he will be even too aware of wild men, and perhaps Mr. Bernheimer has been also, for he has sometimes seemed to me too easily and artificially to categorize as wild men, or to relate to wild men, all the demons and incubi, dwarfs and giants, devils and bears he has met along the way. He unites into one vague genre quite different wild men drawn from very different times and places,

Kenneth M. Setton, author of several books on the Middle Ages, is professor of medieval history and curator of the Lea Library at the University of Pennsylvania.

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constructing the genre by putting isolated examples together and associating them genetically by some rather specious rationalizations, dexterously leading the reader, as he attaches one paragraph to another, down the garden path to the wild man's shrine where he may also worship with Mr. Bernheimer.

The publisher's note on the inside cover of the jacket indicates that Mr. Bernheimer's book describes a dark and pagan aspect of the medieval mind, "correcting the traditional emphasis on theology and chivalry"; the late Henry Osborn Taylor never succeeded in making clear to the present reviewer what the "medieval mind" is (or was), and it has been some time now since the chief emphasis in medieval history has been on either theology or chivalry. Sometimes in his enthusiasm for his subject, however, Mr. Bernheimer sees in the wild man one of the chief medieval symbols of human existence. The wild man stands for life and death; if life and death are opposed, they are also apposed: "in the midst of life we are confronted with death, which in turn has secret powers to benefit the living." The wild man is associated with demons, the devil, and death; conversely but naturally with life and fertility, for God has stamped the coins of nature with both the obverse and the reverse.

Mr. Bernheimer interprets for us with knowledge and discernment the parts played by the wild man as the harbinger of life or death, as the symbol of innocent simplicity or bestiality, tenderness or brutality. His discussions are largely directed toward the fifty illustrations he has chosen for his book, which include later medieval and early modern manuscript illuminations and drolleries, sculptured stone devices, tomb plates, love caskets, tapestries, woodcuts, engravings, paintings, and even fifteenth-century playing cards. If the animals are drawn together in physical union by the mere instinct for procreation, man in the very moment of gratification transcends the puny limitations of the self and for the moment is identified, or is capable of identifying himself, with that primal progenitive force which means the survival of the human race and the continuance of civilization. With the artistic implications of this fact Mr. Bernheimer is necessarily much concerned; his longest chapter is called "Erotic Connotations" (of the wild man in art and letters). Men are born ignorant and illiterate, almost in the image of the wild-man prototype. Education is a long and arduous process, and misfortune or fear, social catastrophe or a broken heart can

(*Continued on page* 31)

Fiction. A few weeks ago we were pointing out that one out of every sixty human beings in the United States today is enrolled in an institution of higher learning. There are no statistics at hand to show how many others have had a brush with collegiate education in their time, but the number is doubtless equally awesome. Yet, strangely, little memorable fiction has been written about life as it is lived in the dormitories or on faculty row. "The Male Animal," James Thurber's and Elliott Nugent's play of a decade ago currently being revived on the Broadway stage, is a pleasant exception, and so is Gerald Warner Brace's "The Spire" (reviewed below), which should provide entertaining hours for college-bred people this summer . . . . Two other books of the week are products of great national literary traditions: Frank O'Connor, who William Butler Yeats once said was doing for Ireland what Chekhov did for Russia, has a fine collection of short stories (page 14), and Sholom Aleichem, greatest modern Yiddish humorist, is represented by "Wandering Star" (page 16).

Tarnished Ivory

THE SPIRE. By Gerald Warner Brace. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 380 pp. $3.50.

By Arthur Mizener

IT used to be thought that the first virtue of a novelist is to know what he is talking about, to be familiar with the various kinds of people who occupy his chosen world, with the institutions they constitute, and the manners which govern them. Mr. Brace possesses this virtue, and it is a pleasure to see again how good a novel can be written by a thoughtful man who knows his business.

"The Spire" is a novel of faculty life. There have been a good many novels on this subject by clever people who are only superficially acquainted with the subject and thus, whatever their other virtues, incapable of making it solid and alive for us. Mary McCarthy's "Groves of Academe" is the most recent case. But Mr. Brace, who went to Amherst and taught there and at Williams and Dartmouth, is—as the alumni would say—"a member of the Wyndham family." All the members of the Wyndham family are present and very clearly accounted for in "The Spire."

Gerald W. Brace—"knows his business."

There is the village grande dame in her not-quite-good but beautifully cared-for house; there are the eccentric spinsters in their quite beautiful and hopelessly run-down colonial houses, and the wine-and-casserole faculty wives who alternate between antique-collecting and a cosmopolitan scorn of village life. There is the attractive young president from Texas who is being slowly corrupted by his job, the dean who has never understood anything, including what he calls the Wyndham spirit, the gifted professor of English who is a Yale snob and makes a ritual of his martinis and his tossed salad, and the harmless professor of mathematics who has been hounded out of the college and driven a little mad for immoralities he is quite incapable of. There are the faculty meetings where irate professors produce confused analogies between the budget of the college and the Federal Government, department meetings full of dark insinuations

Arthur Mizener, author of "The Far Side of Paradise," a biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald, is professor of English at Cornell University.

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about those who do or do not admire Kafka, trustees meetings which declare that the professor of economics has cost the college a hundred thousand a year in gifts.

All this life is put in motion by the story of Henry Gaunt, who comes to Wyndham as an associate professor of English and is made dean in the middle of the year. He falls in love with the president's secretary, who is the daughter of the hounded mathematician, and the ensuing complications are such that he resigns at the end of the year to go to Oregon.

To this solid, believable world Mr. Brace applies a quiet and by no means simple judgment. As Henry Gaunt drives away from the campus for the last time he looks back at the "green Island" with the fine old New England chapel (no longer used) at its center. "The arrow point of the white spire stood up in the center like a hope fulfilled and sanctified and half forgotten." If Henry Gaunt knows better than most people how much has been forgotten, he nonetheless knows that in the New England college "a lot of good things flourish too—even things like integrity and intelligence." This is good to hear.

This sense of the complexity of people and institutions gives Mr. Brace's book a quiet variety of judgment which is its most impressive quality. It makes his dialogue work to show us what kind of people we are dealing with and never merely to score for the author; it makes his structure straightforward and at the same time full of unostentatious effects. Mr. Brace's own virtues are the undemonstrative virtues of the Vermont from which his hero comes.

The Green, Bitter, Blarney Land

THE STORIES OF FRANK O'CONNOR. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 367 pp. $4.

By Harvey Curtis Webster

FRANK O'Connor's Ireland, as his readers know and as his compatriots gladly acknowledge, is both different from and as vivid as the better known Ireland of Joyce and Yeats. Probably Mr. O'Connor is not quite the peer of the two others. Joyce is more moving, Yeats more profound; yet any reader should remember that Yeats, the greater, said that his younger contemporary "is doing for Ireland what Chekhov did for Russia" and that he said this long before Mr. O'Connor reached the careful command of his medium every page of "The Stories" shows.

Yeats's comparison is apt but, like all comparisons, partly false. Few if any short-story writers of our day have combined the provincial and the universal as Mr. O'Connor and Chekhov have. The Irish idiom, the Irish countryside, the Irish people are in "The Stories" almost as comprehensively as Russia's multiplicity is in Chekhov's work. Unmistakably, Ireland's diversity—the particulars that make concrete the universals they suggest—is here as arrestingly as something we do not know and as convincingly as what we do. Still a lot is left out—Joyce's intellectuals, Yeats's patriots and peasants, George Moore's sordid folk, and A.E.'s mystics.

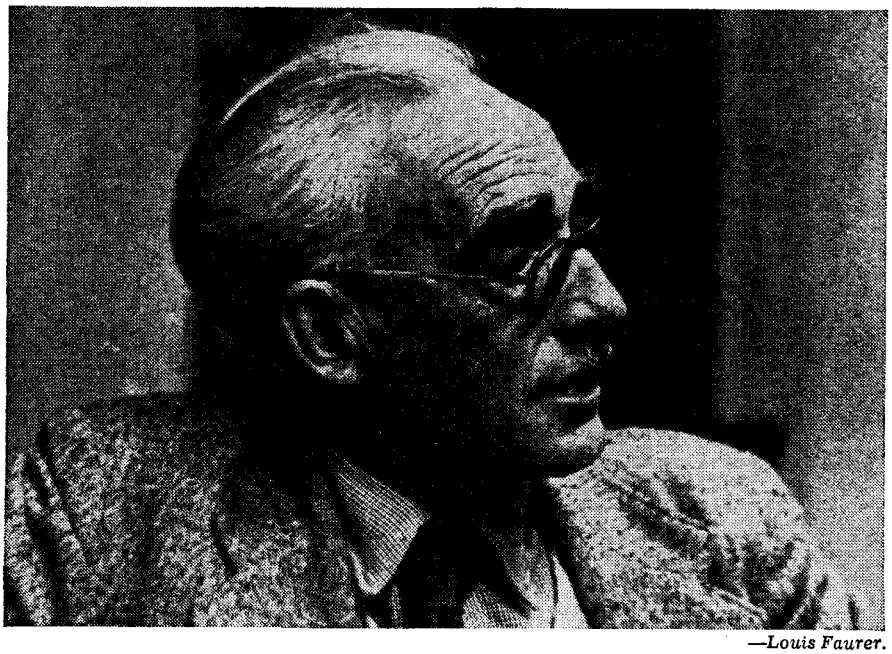
This is said in definition rather than in dispraise. Except for J. F. Powers, the brilliant American short-story writer, no one has so reverently humanized the priesthood. Father Ring, who appears often and memorably in this selection, is the archetype of the kindly, shrewd, and fallible minister to his people and his church. "Song Without Words" dramatizes the struggle of two lovable Trappist monks with the rule of silence and their residual worldliness. As is natural in a collection of stories about Ireland, priests recur frequently, but those with whom they are associated are as much more important to the reader as they are to the priests themselves.

Mr. O'Connor's children are marvelously unpredictable and convincing. There's the boy of the opening stories who has the only credible amusing Oedipus complex in literary history, who cures his father's drunkenness by getting tight himself. There are other unmistakable children who could have fathered the man in any of us—especially Terry in "The Babes in the Wood."

And then there are stories about reluctant but dedicated teachers, about masculine men who are mistakenly thought effeminate, girls who are basically virtuous without seeming so (like the one in "News for the Church"), girls whose sexual naïveté becomes a cruelty as in "The Holy Door," one of the most successful serious and amusing stories with which I am familiar.

Serious and amusing are the adjectives one wants to apply again and again to Mr. O'Connor's rigid selection from all the stories he has written. He is never flippant, never cynical, never dour as dust. Secure, one presumes, in his own Catholicism, he never condescends and never deprecates uncharitably; life is often sad but never bad, generally amusing because one has faith in the other side of the grave. "The trouble is always in ourselves," as one of his characters says, but the trouble is always something one can remedy with the help of the God Mr. O'Connor believes in.

Of course there are some inferior (yet good) stories. And there are omissions, such as a story I think was called "The Apostate," one could not forgive anyone but so scrupulous an artist as Mr. O'Connor. It is also true that he makes us think more often than he makes us feel, that he has never written anything as great as Joyce's "The Dead," Yeats's poems, or Chekhov's "The Black Monk." But it is the most supercilious ingratitude to stress limitations that are not faults.



—*Louis Faurer.*

Frank O'Connor—"marvelously unpredictable and convincing."

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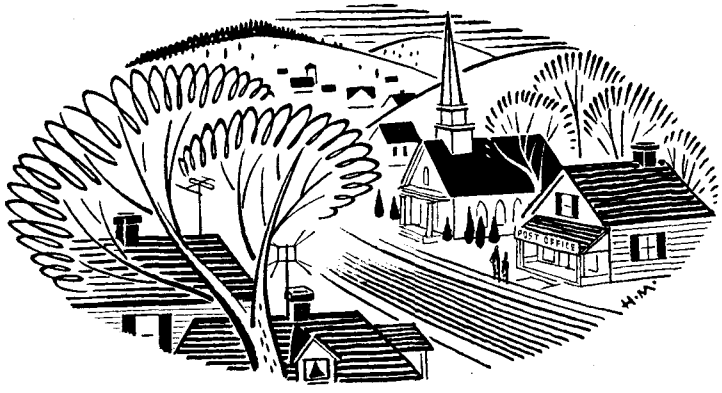
A Quiet Ferocity

BREAD FROM HEAVEN. By Henrietta Buckmaster. New York: Random House. 309 *pp.* $3.

By Cid Ricketts Sumner

NOW and then, rarely, one meets a man or woman with whom a deep sympathy is at once established, with whom there is an immediate sloughing off of the superficial trappings, a reduction to essentials, an instant arrival on common ground. The same thing happens sometimes, equally seldom, in one's encounter with a book. On such an occasion the very first pages create a confidence, an understanding, along with an eagerness to explore further. How this is accomplished is something of a mystery. It goes with good skilful writing, but that alone does not produce it. It has something to do with the spirit behind the book, something so intangible that it cannot be explicitly pointed out in print. "Bread from Heaven" is such a book.



—By Hal McIntosh from the book jacket of "Bread from Heaven."

The story of an unknown, an alien, arriving, entering into a familiar scene to become involved in many lives, altering them, being altered by them, being accused, accepted or rejected, is not a new one, having its start perhaps with the prophet who entertained angels unawares. Here we have no angel. We have only young Karel, nineteen years old, straight from the horrors of a European concentration camp, bearing in his arms the armless child he calls his brother. What does he want of this small New England village into which he walks at sunset, a village as real as stone and as varied as pebbles on a beach? He wants to become a part of it, a part of some normal way of living; he seeks a little core of unimportant happenings, a small life.

At this period when art, literature, and music are to so great an extent disregarding the simple, the natural, in order to emphasize the unreal, the abstract, the unusual, or the abnormal, it is good to come upon a character such as this, whose vision, sharpened by harsh experience, widened by suffering, gives him a truer perspective. Karel had seen a boy of his own age hanged. He did not die quietly. He shouted, "Lift up your heads. You will live again!" That is what Karel called bread from heaven, and it had given him strength to survive.

The village reaction to his presence and that of the child who needs surgical care is varied. McVitty, the garage man, gave him a job; it is a moving moment when he said in face of public suspicion, "You and the boy better come over for dinner tomorrow." There was a heroic strain in McVitty; his grandma had saved a calf from a burning barn, and he the test came, the pressure, he denied wanted to live up to her. Yet when the stranger, turned him out. Vree, the old Negro, was a friend to the end. He had nothing to lose and so he was free to be kind. Mrs. Stillwell, who saw him first as he paused to sniff her lilacs, wanted to help, to call, "I am here." Her impulses were good but followed weakly, without tact. Miss Purvis, the librarian, said, "A child without arms? What could a child like that be doing in this town?" Such visible evidence of violence coming uninvited to a quiet village had an impact on all the villagers. It was terrifying, unseemly. "They don't belong here, those two," said Mrs. Wright. She had her own way of life; she did not want to be disturbed. Julie, her young daughter, loved Karel; yet his experience, his very presence, removed the safeguards of her sheltered life. There are others, all real, complex people.

While the village represents the world, and Karel and the child are all the aliens, all the outcasts, all those who have innocently suffered, we are too moved, too swept along by the story and the characters to feel that the allegory is overweighted. This is a richly conceived, sound, and absorbing novel.

Accident & Youth

RICKEY. By Charles Calitri. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 216 *pp.* $2.75.

By Martin Rice

THE hidden reaches of the adolescent mind—its implanted guilts and fears—are the area which Mr. Calitri explores in this arrestingly tense first novel. His basic situation has the horrifying reality of a headline in a tabloid. In a small town outside New York, Rickey Talbot, a fifteen-year-old baby-sitter has apparently murdered his charge, three-year-old Sheila Walker. There are intimations of sexual perversity in the event, and the town turns upon Rickey in horrified need for vengeance. Under the state law Rickey is to be tried for murder. Rickey himself —his memory blocked by shock— cannot recall the fearful happening.

Building his story around the suspense of trying to discover what really did happen, Mr. Calitri devotes much of it to revealing the mind and meager past of Rickey. Through the efforts of the psychiatrist assigned to him and of a sympathetic but cynical reporter, we learn that Rickey had been apparently a normal boy with the usual interests and concerns. Even his more hidden problems and concerns as we probe a little below the surface seem those of an average youngster—some concern with the facts of sex, about which his parents have given him little knowledge and considerable guilt, a subtle feeling of non-acceptance by his father, a pressure to maintain standards he does not understand. As we go deeper still the force of these hidden feelings is revealed until in a final courtroom scene of considerable power the real events and their meaning are discovered and revealed.

It would have been easy for Mr. Calitri to have made of this one more clinical study of abnormal psychology. This he has avoided by stressing throughout the normality of Rickey and his behavior so that we understand at the end not only Rickey's problems but something more about the problems of all adolescents. Mr. Calitri has also, happily, been fairly successful in sticking to his task of writing a novel. At times the case-history aspects of the story become too obtrusive, but in general, by artfully rounding his characters and managing the elements of suspense, the author takes this hurdle successfully, and produces a novel of absorbing interest and power that excites our compassion and deepens our understanding of the problems he has chosen.

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—By Resko from "A Treasury of Jewish Holidays."

People of the Roads

WANDERING STAR. By Sholom Aleichem. Translated by Frances Butwin. New York: Crown Publishers. 314 *pp.* $3.

By Charles Angoff

SHOLOM Aleichem has so long been dubbed the Yiddish Mark Twain —who was the first misguided enthusiast to do so?—that the full measure of his gifts has been obscured for many. Actually, there was little of Mark Twain in the great Yiddish writer. To be sure, both were humorists, but there are humorists and humorists. Mark Twain's masterpieces chiefly concerned the hopes and dreams and anxieties and delights of boys and girls, while Sholom Aleichem generally wrote about the mature poor and the mature downtrodden and the mature heavyladen and the mature sore beset. He dug more deeply into his characters than did Mark Twain. While he always stressed their "lighter side," he seldom forgot their "tragic side." In this respect he had far more in common with Cervantes and Dreiser.

There was another writer with whom Sholom Aleichem had more in common than with Mark Twain—to wit, Ring Lardner. The Yiddish writer had the same marvelous ear for the speech of the bewildered and the haughty and the lowly that the American writer had. Alas, no translator has yet fully managed to transmit to the English reader this astounding gift of the Yiddish master. One persists in believing that the fault is less that of the Yiddish language than that of the translators. Once the full rich flavor of the Yiddish writer's tales is caught in English, American readers will realize what a truly great artist died in their midst in 1916—and how shoddy, by comparison, are the works of such best-selling and much-respected writers as Arthur Kober and Norman Katkov.

"Wandering Star," in all truth, is not top-drawer Sholom Aleichem. Indeed, long stretches of it read dangerously like the pulp *romanen* that much too often besmirch the pages of even the better Yiddish newspapers. It is the story of a poor girl and a rich boy who are dazzled by the magic of a traveling theatrical group in the Old Country, and run off with that group. Fate separates them almost immediately afterward. Years pass during which each achieves stardom, the boy as an actor and the girl as a singer. Naturally, they never stop dreaming of each other, and in the end—in America, of course—they meet and marry and are happy ever after. Not a very original tale and rather dragged out, too. Sholom Aleichem was not altogether at home in the novel form; short fiction seems to have been his forte. Still, there are sketches in "Wandering Star" which are magnificent: that of the boy's father, that of the girl's father, those of several impresarios, that of a Yiddish *allrightnik,* and that of a seedy prima donna who goes after a matinee idol with the subtlety of a calliope.

Fiction Notes

GATEWAY TO FORTUNE. By Peter Bourne. Putnam. $3.50. Mr. Bourne's new historical romance, his fourth (he has done more than fifty other books under the name of Bruce Graeme), has two stories to offer, one dealing with the building of the Panama Canal, the other with the love life of a transplanted New England surveyor named Wesley Adam.

Like other merchants of entertainment, Mr. Bourne is long on luridness, short on motivation. His story involves tropical cloudbursts, glimpses of jungle life, bloodthirsty Indians, gold fever, race riots, voodoo, revolution, and assorted tempests of sex. There are the usual dutiful references to period detail (Victor Herbert, Frederic Remington, and Anna Held), a few writhings of boa constrictors and a couple of conscientious slitherings of alligators, and the mammary touches of style that are, of course, *de rigueur* with the trade.

Wesley Adam, lean-faced, rock-jawed, and jello-brained, is puppeted about by fate. In the first half of the book he behaves with a rectitude that might have awed Sir Galahad, in the second with an abandon that will awe everyone else. The women in his life are Dulcie, his wife, who is a monster of suburban inanity; Ingrid Ericson, sister of his lost friend Olaf; Anne Perrigot, an olive-skinned charmer with eyes that have the distinction of being "two dark mysterious pools"; and her sister Marie, a sultry dealer in aphrodisiacs and Panamanian hospitality. Each of these women has a spectacular surprise in store for Adam, and if the surprises aren't precisely plausible they are at least a tribute to the author's earnest sense of invention.

If Mr. Bourne is relentlessly romantic in the "novel" part of his story, he is implacably detailed in its history. Adam and his colleagues talk like textbooks whenever the canal is mentioned. Engineering statistics pile up on newspaper accounts of the Nicaraguan debate; legislative deals, amendments, options, concessions, treaties, and financial negotiations, proliferate like a jungle; the whole structure of exposition time and time again slides into the main channel of the story with smothering effects. Only in the scenes detailing the Machiavellian success of American power politics in the Panamanian revolution does Mr. Bourne succeed in breathing a little life into his researches. Otherwise this *olla podrida* of sex, melodrama, coincidence, and history is the mechanical counterpart of hun-

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Americana. In the last century the history books taught the young that America had been founded by refugees from religious persecution in the Old World. Then along came Charles A. Beard and his economic interpretation of history and by the 1930's little was being said about the religious impulse. Perhaps the reaction has now gone too far, for even after Ola Elizabeth Winslow has painstakingly described the theocracy that established Massachusetts and ruled it until the Revolution ("Meetinghouse Hill: 1630-1783," see below), she still seems a little uncertain about religion's contribution to the founding of New England. In the South, as readers of Lael Tucker's new novel, "Lament for Four Virgins" (*SR*, July 19) are aware, the church continues to be a focal point of the community. Hollis Summers's reminiscences of a Kentucky parsonage, "Brighten the Corner" (page 18), document this farther. . . . And Frank E. Vandiver's "Ploughshares Into Swords" (page 19) is a biography of Josiah Gorgas, the Yankee-born head of Confederate Ordnance.

A Slow & Stubborn Change

MEETINGHOUSE HILL: 1630-1783. By Ola Elizabeth Winslow. New York: The Macmillan Co. 344 pp. $4.

By Marion L. Starkey

IN the semantics of early New England the godly did not go to church; they went to preaching at the meeting-house. The aptness of the term lay in the fact that they repaired to the same homely structure—"God's barn" it was sometimes called—for town meeting. There was no sacrilege in this. How could there be in a theocracy dedicated to the realization of the direct rule of God on earth, where all things were equally sacred—and practical?

The community life that centered around the meeting-house in the 150 years of colonial America before the dissevering of the twin functions of church and state by the forces of the American Revolution is the subject of Miss Winslow's engrossing "Meeting-house Hill," natural sequel to her Pulitzer Prize-winning "Jonathan Edwards." She has by no means attempted a definitive history of her subject; such an undertaking would tax the resources of the recording angel; she has omitted several striking events of her period, such as the aggressive part played by ministers and their congregations in the expulsion of Andros in 1688 and in the witchcraft panic that followed. Nevertheless, her perceptive study, based on prodigious research in church and town records, diaries, and sermons, will be a "must" for future students of New England history, along with Perry Miller's searching "New England Mind" and Williston Walker's dusty-dry but invaluable "History of the Congregational Churches of the United States."

There is nothing dusty-dry about Miss Winslow's book. Particularly fascinating is her account of the first days of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, when the congregations, imbued by the vital surge of spirit that had impelled them overseas, were in themselves most interesting. She skilfully recaptures the unexpectedly lively reality of meeting-house atmosphere, the worshipers entering "without awe," banging their hinged seats in their uprisings and downsittings, sitting in such darkness in the winter when the windows were boarded up that the minister, shivering in his greatcoat, could hardly read his sermon.

The two strenuous years of soul searching required of "a little Knot" of Christians in Dedham, Mass., to assay sufficiently their worthiness to be "gathered" before they could ordain a minister and arrange for the building of a meeting-house is described in intimate detail. So is "The Brotherly Watch of Fellow-members," whereby each member of a flock appointed himself his brother's keeper to watch for doctrinal deviation and "unholy carriage" and see that these were corrected by brotherly censure and, in extreme cases, excommunication. One is reminded here of the vigilance with which good Communists are said to watch each other for ideological impurities, though, fond as Miss Winslow is of drawing modern parallels, she misses this one.

The second generation of Puritans, less literate, less impassioned than the first, had their own interest. There was the furor caused by the popularity of John Tuft's little book on the singing of psalm tunes. If some congregations were enthralled by the new ability to sing in parts, or at least in unison, others were outraged at the proposal to abandon the old way of very rugged individualism with the frequent effect of "five hundred different tunes roared out at the same time." Some congregations made what must have been a very interesting noise unto the Lord by singing half in old style, half in new style.

The great awakening, which she describes under the title of "Gales of Heavenly Wind," Miss Winslow sees as one of the factors that set men into requestioning the principles by which they lived. The inquiry, fortified by currency of the theories of John Locke, added to the ferment in the heady days preceding the American Revolution. While some ministers lost their flocks by absentmindedly forgetting to omit the king from their prayers, others took to rousing topics like "Tyranny, the great red dragon," and helped Sam Adams prepare the godly for the notion of independence. But the Revolution itself, violently disrupting the centering of community life about the meeting-house, introducing new values, led to an event unforseen by the founders of theocracy, the final separation of church and state. So different was the new world that the author ends by wondering, with an odd touch of apology, if religion has been "a creative element in American experience." Her own book is the answer.

Marion L. Starkey is the author of "The Devil in Massachusetts."

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Hallelujah in the Blue-grass

BRIGHTEN THE CORNER. By Hollis Summers. New York: Doubleday & Co. 217 pp. $3.

By THOMAS D. CLARK

WRITING about the Kentucky Baptists is a full-sized undertaking for any author. One might approach the subject as an objective social study, or he might make a highly evangelistic approach. Mr. Summers has chosen to view the subject through the reminiscent eyes of a preacher's son who sees all of the insides of a parsonage with its coming and going of strange mortals, some of them sincere and some hopeless hypocrites.

The average Baptist church would not be in a thoroughly thriving condition if it did not have three stock individuals within its fold. There always seems to be an ex-minister around who plowed the original rut, and virtually dares his successor to turn aside. The old rut is a narrow one, and the former minister's mores so complex that by the time the new parson has preached his third sermon there is an open feud. Inevitably there is the overzealous matron who would like to run everybody and everything, and who combines essential goodness with plain nosiness. Finally there is the black sheep who weekly falls from grace and comes in a most repentant spiritual frame of mind while still in the physical throes of a hangover to beg forgiveness and to make a new and ironbound promise to reform.

Of the great passing stream of people who sought either spiritual solace in the church or who sought vainglorious fame and cash were the pompous evangelists and their right bowers, the effervescent song leaders who loved music and women with objective impartiality. From intimate insight, Mr. Summers presents his windy evangelist as a selfrighteous ass who put his own glorification ahead of his preaching. This visiting preacher was a famous Southern spellbinder and novelist who sold his wares from the fine sales counter of the pulpit. The female Sunday school worker who got the tail of her dress tucked into the hem of her bloomers completed the array of people who went from church to church carrying little messages of cheer and perfecting the organization as they went.

Tagging along behind his father on his ministerial visits, the young autobiographer saw and heard the many things which lend color to any Central Kentucky community. The snatches of conversation he heard raised many questions in his mind. These ranged from the nature of God to the precise meaning of the word "adultery," which bobbed up occasionally among the woes of the parson's flock. Further Baptist inhibitions puzzled the young lad.

Why was it they could not go to picture shows, to parties and dances, and why did they have to drink the eternal round of coffee and grape juice? The parson was never dogmatic in his views, and nowhere does Mr. Summers have him create rules by which the flock lived. Rather, he was a man of expediency who attempted to live up to the established prejudices of his congregation. Had he stuck to preaching against sin in the abstract he might have had less reason for spending long hours in his study in utter befuddlement, more reason for success.

Mr. Summers makes his brother Joe a lively character who not only took in all that he heard and saw, but gave it back at embarrassing moments. Joe's mind functioned as one grand question and the mysterious affairs of ministerial expediency completely baffled him. Being a lad of questioning mind he asked people why they acted as they did, and in doing so conveyed a candid notion to the outside world of what was on his family's collective mind. The person who created the greatest confusion in Joe's mind was God. He wanted to know what form He took. Was He a person like the penurious brother Gilbert, who had dredged a comfortable personal fortune from the vantage point of the pulpit? Was He like the babbling Mrs. Courtney, who loved everybody, and stung all within reach with her loose tongue? In Joe's mind God was a busy man, delivering babies, visiting retribution upon the sinful in the town, granting childish wishes, and then sitting with his disturbed father during the long sessions in the study.

In this autobiography of childish memory Mr. Summers writes well. His frame of reference is excellently maintained, and his characters walk the streets of every town in Central Kentucky, and crowd the pews of the Baptist churches every Sunday morning. It can be said of Kentucky that it has the best attended race tracks and basketball games through the week, and the largest church congregations on Sunday of almost any place in the Union. The author is gentle with these people and tolerant of their frailties. He never raises his voice in scolding them, nor does he give in to social analysis of the church. He passes over opportunities to bring out a wide sweeping brush and to label them in ringing terms as spiritual vandals and hypocrites who give credence to the highly indicative term "Southern Baptist."

". . . Alas!"

Thomas D. Clark, a Kentucky Baptist himself, is professor of history at the University of Kentucky and the author of "The Rampaging Frontier" and "Pills, Petticoats, and Plows."

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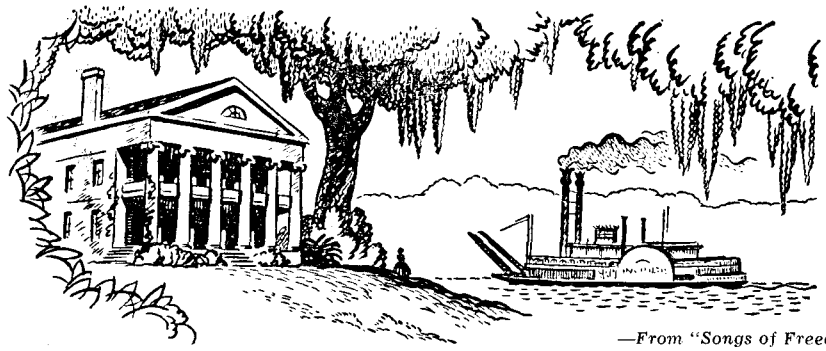

—From "Songs of Freedom."

An Early-bird of War

PLOUGHSHARES INTO SWORDS. By Frank E. Vandiver. Austin: University of Texas Press. 343 pp. $5.

By Stanley F. Horn

THIS, the story of Josiah Gorgas and his administration of the affairs of the Ordnance Bureau of the Confederate States of America, is a long overdue recognition of the extraordinary accomplishments of an unusually talented and efficient individual.

Historians have been sharply critical of the ineptitude and inefficiency of various branches of the general government of the Confederacy—but there has always been one exception to such general censure. It has been agreed by practically all students of Confederate history that General Josiah Gorgas, chief of the Ordnance Bureau, did an astonishingly good job, in the face of difficulties which would have stopped an ordinary man.

Jefferson Davis, never overgenerous in praise, described Gorgas as "diligent, discreet, and conscientious" and stated that "as Chief of Ordnance of the Confederacy his success, considering the means at his command, was extraordinary." Braxton Bragg after the war wrote to Gorgas: "You organized the only successful military bureau during our national existence." And Robert E. Lee, as he faced the heartbreaking necessity for surrender at Appomattox, was thoughtful enough to say to his own ordnance officer: "Tell Gorgas if other departments had been conducted as was the Ordnance Bureau I would not have been in such a strait as this." As Mr. Vandiver says: "The soldiers of the South frequently were without adequate food, the winds knifed through the tattered rags which they called clothing, and their bare feet left bloody footprints on the rutted Southern roads; but never, until the end, did they lack for munitions."

Josiah Gorgas, a native of Pennsylvania, was a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, and served for twenty years as an ordnance officer of the United States Army (mostly at Southern arsenals) before resigning in 1861 to cast his lot with the Confederate States of America. He immediately recognized the magnitude of the task ahead of him, and manifested a genius for organization and exploitation of all the resources available for the creation of an effective Ordnance Bureau. The meager resources of the Southern States were used to the fullest possible degree, including a contract given the Nashville Plow Works for the manufacture of swords. Ordnance experts were promptly sent to England and Europe to barter Confederate cotton for European rifles and cannon and lead and niter and other essential munitions of war. A fleet of blockade runners was quickly assembled to bring the foreign munitions to Southern ports. Demonstrating not only technical skill and scientific knowledge, but also an unusual degree of executive ability and capacity for efficient organization and management, Gorgas was able to meet the Confederate armies' needs for guns and ammunition without fail right up to the time of the final collapse in 1865.

Mr. Vandiver, although still a young man, has long been a student of Confederate history. Making use of General Gorgas's diary, an abundance of unpublished letters, and the Official Records, he has created a striking picture of this "right man in the right place" whose achievements have heretofore been insufficiently publicized. Mr. Vandiver has produced a book which will find a place of lasting prominence on the Civil War bookshelf.

Stanley F. Horn, editor of the "Southern Lumberman," is the author of "The Army of Tennessee" and other works on the Civil War.

Americana Notes

INJUN SUMMER. By Daisy F. Baber. Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Ida. $4. This book of reminiscences of a nostalgic cowhand was set down by the late Daisy F. Baber, who signed the preface "Author." But it is in the first person "as told by Bill Walker" and apparently is true to the spirit and flavor of his oral narrative.

Bill Walker's father found the Ottumwa River country in Iowa getting tame and crowded in the late 1860's, and he decided to join his three brothers in Colorado. Bill remembered vividly the trip across the plains in a caboose. On the Big Thompson River, near Loveland, the boy listened to stories about his great-uncle Kit Carson, talked to Billy the Kid in a saloon, heard the crack of whips over six-bull teams hauling ore from the gold mines, and longed to be a grown-up cowboy.

When he was seventeen Bill Walker became a cowhand and soon wound up at Bisbee, Arizona Territory, where life "was just one dang thing after another." In the Southwest he had troubles with Mexicans ("greasers," to use his word), smugglers, and Geronimo's Apaches. Like many reminiscing cowboys, he almost forgets the cows, though he does describe a stampede on a dry lake bed and a ride on a cattle train to Kansas City, with a stopover at Dodge City, where he spent a night in Bat Masterson's jail.

Back in Colorado and Wyoming, Walker found punching cattle, hunting and trapping, and fiddling at dances more pleasant. He finally "slowed down a mite" after he married a "little carrot-top" he had had his mind on for years.

"Injun Summer" is interesting, light reading when one becomes accustomed to its annoying spatter of exclamation points.

—J. Merton England.

THE KINGS OF THE ROAD. By Ken W. Purdy. Little, Brown. $5. This review really belongs in the poetry department. Mr. Purdy is actually two kinds of poet. Where the Bugatti, the Rolls-Royce, the Mercer, the Mercedes-Benz, the Cord, the Duesenberg, the Hispano-Suiza, and the Isotta-Fraschini are concerned, he is a lyricist often at the boiling-point. But toward the banged-out product of Detroit he is Popean. Detroit, in fact, is something of a stench in Mr. Purdy's nostrils.

This book enshrines some of the most distinguished writing about the internal combustion engine since the Duryea brothers rambled along

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Maple Street in Springfield, Mass., in 1894 at a brisk seven miles an hour. Mr. Purdy is, as has been suggested, a zealot, but his enthusiasm never beclouds his factuality, his fluency, or his competence to produce entertaining reading. This book is by no means exclusively for the specialist; the most plodding bus-rider can read it with high enjoyment.

For real people emerge, no less than surpassingly fine cars. Ettore Bugatti would not employ a draftsman who could not draw any part of a car in three dimensions. Sir Henry Rolls said: "It's impossible for us to make a bad car. The doorman wouldn't let it go out." The bewhiskered Stanley brothers started their business life in the photographic field (ever hear of the Stanley Dry Plate?) and in 1899, with an output of 200 steamers, they became the first successful automobile manufacturers in history. "We may yet," says Mr. Purdy, "see a renaissance of steam."

This is not one of those ye olde motor-carre books (it is too much of today and tomorrow) but it has some fine throwbacks in it—there is a notable reconstruction of the Vanderbilt Cup Races. Automobile races, Mr. Purdy holds, should be run on roads, not on tracks, be they circular, oval, or square. He is a man of strong loyalties and equally strong antipathies. And he can back up both sentiments cogently.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

THE CASE OF ALFRED PACKER, THE MAN-EATER. By Paul H. Gantt. University of Denver Press. $3. On April 13, 1883, Larry Dolan hurried from the courthouse in Lake City, Colorado, to a saloon and told a story that has become famous:

"The Judge says:

" 'Stan' up, yah voracious man-eating son of a bitch, stand up!'

"Then, pointing his trembling fingers at Packer, so raging mad he was, says he:

" 'They was sivin Dimmicrats in Hinsdale County, and ye eat five of them, G— d—— ye!'

" 'I sintins ye t'be hanged by the neck until ye're dead, dead, DEAD, as a warnin' ag'in reducin' the Dimmycratic population of th' state.' "

Fortunately for folklore, Larry Dolan's "judgment" was much more colorful than the one pronounced by Judge Melville B. Gerry.

In November 1873 Alfred Packer and twenty other foolhardy Argonauts had set out to cross the Rockies from Utah to reach a gold strike at Breckenridge, Colorado. In January they came to the camp of Ute Chief Ouray, who persuaded them to spend the

(*Continued on page* 34)

The Book. A quarter of a century ago the late Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach paid $106,000 for a copy of the Gutenberg Bible, thereby convincing millions of Americans that there must be something to book collecting. Other Americans, less numerous but more knowing, realized that the collecting of books brings satisfactions other than monetary. The bookman is adept at communicating his enthusiasm through the printed page, as Lawrence Clark Powell demonstrates so charmingly in his little volume, "Islands of Books," reviewed on page 34. His enthusiasms may run to the appurtenances of books, as Louise Seymour Jones shows in "The Human Side of Bookplates" (below). Despite innovations in the field of communications, nothing has as yet replaced the book. For a knowledge of the ancient book we must turn to an institution like the one Edward Alexander Parsons describes in "The Alexandrian Library" (page 21), for that of the seventeenth-century Western world to the 80,000 volumes scrupulously listed in Donald Wing's "A Short Catalogue . . ." (page 21).

Mine! . . . But Yours Too

THE HUMAN SIDE OF BOOKPLATES. By Louise Seymour Jones. Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press. 155 *pp.* $5.

By EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

IN this good-looking book Mrs. Jones has assembled a remarkable lot of gossip and lore about bookplates, book-lovers who use them, artists who design them, and enthusiasts (of which she is one) who collect them. But this is not a technical book, of which there is already a plenty, but a sort of by-product which she accurately describes as the human side of bookplates.

It is the fruit of years of correspondence with every prospect still living, from Pirkheimer and Dürer to E. D. French and Fred Goudy. Only two of them seem to scorn these fascinating little book-markers—Bernard Shaw and Christopher Morley. The latter writes, "Can you imagine any good book-lovers, say Charles Lamb or Sam Johnson, wasting their time that way?"

But Mrs. Jones can, for she has the plates of Eugene Field, Frederick-Locker Lampson, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Cobden Sanderson, William Morris, and hundreds of others, and the exchange of letters with Morley makes one of the liveliest chapters in this very readable book.

Mrs. Jones also has her own philosophy about the part an extra-curricular activity plays in our lives which she defines with the word *elsewhere*—italicized wherever mentioned. That is the dream world which we make out of our heart's desire and strive to realize. It may be books or bookplates or any of a hundred hobbies.

She also points out that many bookplates reveal in their design some preoccupation, interest, or passion, some achievement, pride of ancestry, trade, or profession, as the Shasta daisies on Luther Burbank's, the court jester on Francis Wilson's, or the intertwined telephones of Bayard Kilgour, an executive of the Bell System.

Many plates are reproduced; too much reduction of size for the more detailed ones is the only flaw in this charming book. It will be enjoyed as good reading by almost anyone, no matter how remote his interest in the ostensible subject; he will be both entertained and informed.

Earnest Elmo Calkins founded and until 1931 was president of the New York firm of Calkins & Holden, often described as "the first modern advertising agency."

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Treasury on the Nile

THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY. By Edward Alexander Parsons. Houston, Tex.: Elsevier Press. 468 pp. $7.50.

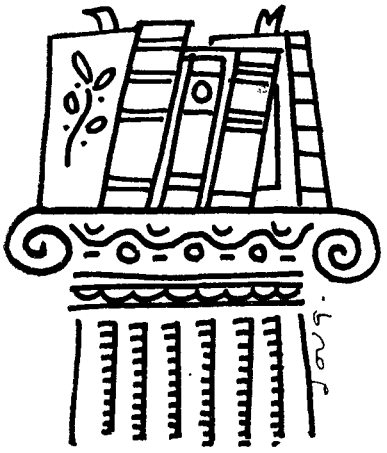
By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

THE immediate effect of the life of Alexander the Great (died 323 B.C.) was the birth of a vast and strange world that was occupied and exploited by myriads of Greeks. In the new Hellenistic Age, when Hellenism or Greek culture became widespread, some of Alexander's ideas took root slowly, such as his insistence on cooperation between peoples, but his conception of the inhabited world won instant approval. Now man thought of himself more and more as a member of a world society, a society in which there might be (and were) sharp differences, but in which a common Greek culture nonetheless acted as a natural bond.

One of the striking features of the new day was the growth of cities, the greatest of which was Alexander's own foundation, Alexandria in Egypt, the metropolis of the civilized world. Its landmark was the lighthouse by Sostratus of Cnidus, 400 feet high, while the population of the city itself eventually grew to about a million, a motley conglomeration of Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Jews, Syrians, Anatolians, Arabs, Indians, Negroes, and Italians, who were ever ready to riot in the streets.

The mental attitude of the Hellenistic Age was essentially an appreciation of the past. In order to master and cultivate the immense intellectual treasures a library and museum were founded at Alexandria, and here we catch the bid of the ruling Ptolemies to foster a sort of university center, rivaling Athens and giving some glamour and substance to a government which, at heart, was sordid. The best scholars, scientists, poets, and artists of the day were invited to live in Alexandria at public expense. It is interesting to observe that the city had almost no influence on them, for their work was mainly Hellenic and international, rather than Alexandrian. At the same time the world was assiduously searched to create what became the largest and most important library of antiquity. It comprised perhaps 500,000 volumes or rolls; the catalogue by Callimachus, one of the chief librarians and a man of stupendous learning, is said to have filled 120 volumes and included biographies of the authors and critical data.

The author of the latest work on the library of Alexandria is a distinguished citizen of New Orleans, a man of letters, lawyer, bibliographer, and builder of a library of some 50,000 books, manuscripts, and historical documents. According to the jacket, Mr. Parsons spent seven years in the writing of his book, which I can well believe. He has produced a large and attractively illustrated volume, which commences with the libraries of Old Greece, Pergamum, and Antioch, and



proceeds to a description of Alexandria. We are then told of the founding and conduct of the museum and library, and finally of the library's destruction early in our era.

Mr. Parsons has amassed a large body of material, but his rather ponderous presentation of it will not, I fear, attract the layman nor will the scholar applaud his uncritical methods. Ten pages are devoted to Caesar and Cleopatra—to cite a typical example of discursiveness—on the excuse that the library was damaged during Caesar's visit to Alexandria. Mr. Parsons lists hundreds upon hundreds of books in his bibliography, though most of them have no particular connection with his subject. The hundreds of footnotes refer to modern works of varying worth at random. Two definitions of the word "founder" —from the "Oxford English Dictionary" and the "Century Dictionary"— are actually set out in the text, so that we may embark soundly on a precise, or rather labored, recital of the library's foundation. And "for those archeologically minded we append short cartographical comments on interesting plans of ancient Alexandria." But the four plans were drawn in the nineteenth century and merely demonstrate the growth of knowledge during that time.

Mr. Parsons is as enthusiastic as he is industrious. James Westfall Thompson's "Ancient Libraries" is more satisfying, however. In less than 100 pages of graceful text the entire subject of ancient books, libraries, format, cataloguing, bookselling, etc., is there authoritatively reviewed.

On & On & On

A SHORT-TITLE CATALOGUE OF BOOKS PRINTED IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, WALES, AND BRITISH AMERICA, AND OF ENGLISH BOOKS PRINTED IN OTHER COUNTRIES, 1641-1700. Compiled by Donald Wing. New York: The Index Society. 3 vols., 1945, 1948, 1951. $55 the set.

By Carl Purlington Rollins

ATALLY of all the books which have been printed since "the Gothic sun set behind the gigantic presses of Mayence" would be a labor to daunt the most ambitious and persevering bibliographer. In the first fifty years of printing there were published an average of about 800 titles a year. The printing press was invented to speed up the production of books, and the acceleration has been so great that last year some 30,000 titles were issued in England and America alone. Obviously an all-inclusive listing covering the past 500 years is an impossibility. It is possible, however, to compile lists for limited and specific areas of time and place and interest, such as the great German "Gesamptkatalog der Weigendrucke" of books printed before 1501 (40,000 probable titles), or the list of "Scientific, Medical and Technical Books in Print in the United States from 1930 to 1948" (nearly 8,000 titles), or Mr. Wing's monumental work covering the period between 1641 and 1700 (about 80,000 titles). These few examples of the listing of printed books give some idea of the scope of the task.

"A Short-Title Catalogue of Books Printed in England" is a continuation of Pollard and Redfield's volume, issued in 1926 and covering the same material from 1475 (the date of Caxton's "Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," printed at Bruges) to 1640. The size and arrangement of the three new volumes is in general similar to the Pollard-Redfield book. The first volume of Wing appeared in 1945, the second in 1948, and now the third and last volume is published. The preface, which appears in Volume I, should be consulted for valuable information regarding the scope and method of the work.

Mr. Wing's treatment of his material is substantially like that of the earlier Pollard-Redfield volume, but differs in

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Carl Purlington Rollins, printer emeritus to Yale University, edited The Saturday Review's *quondam column* The Compleat Collector.

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The Saturday Review

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The Two Faces of War

Man has always been in a state of warfare, whether united against each other in tribes, cities, nations, or leagues of nations. But it has remained for this country to conceive of a united world and to invent the legislative machinery that might in some future day make it possible. There is a law of opposites without which life as we know it could not exist. Nature is in a state of attraction and repulsion; religion must have in some form its heaven and its hell; human beings are both good and bad. And war, unfortunately, draws men together for the purpose of destroying each other so that the political, economic, or religious concepts of one group will prevail over the other.

We do not have to be told that war is cruel, destructive, and evil, for men and women have been aware of it since civilization began. The conflict between Athens and Sparta which destroyed Greece was in microsm the same conflict between the principles of liberty and of tyranny which has confronted twentieth-century man for the last forty years and which now threatens the extinction of civilization for perhaps centuries to come. The fact is that men have always tolerated war and have only too often found in it an instrument of progress, and therefore to some extent of good. It would be difficult to prove that the interminable conquests of the Roman Empire were not beneficial to the advance of man or that European colonization of Africa and the Orient did not in the past achieve the same purpose.

There is nothing new in this ancient concept of war, though at this moment in history it is obvious that we not only wish to discard it forever but that we must do so. If war has served humanity in the past, we are now certain that it is wholly evil, for it has the power to destroy all of us. There is an old and dismally prophetic childhood rhyme about "ten little Indians sitting on a fence." One by one they fell to the ground and "then there was none," prophetic because at the beginning of this century there were ten nations capable of going to war or of starting a conflict that might embrace all Europe, and now there are only two. We are awakened to the frightful thought that soon there may be none.

The old concept of the dual nature of war must be destroyed, root and branch, since it still remains with us. For how easily it can be argued that, if total war is now total destruction, the fear of war is a stimulus to science, invention, and to the rapid development of the atomic age. Where, a cynic might ask, would the billions have come from to build the plants that produced the atomic bomb if we were not terrified that Hitler's scientists would get ahead of us? The rapid development of the airplane and a thousand other inventions, the recent discovery of enormous sources of oil and minerals, as useful to the arts of peace as to war, were products of war. In this generation only a madman would conceive of building a rocket to take men beyond the gravitation of the earth so that they might erect an atomic armed satellite to the moon, unless we feared that the Russians might get there first.

WE know that the rulers of the USSR are using the threat of an attack by the United States as the most powerful means of rapidly industrializing their vast country and uniting their people through an unremitting campaign of hate. But are we not consciously or unconsciously using the same method through every instrument of communication at our command? Even a pacifist must be aware that if we do not arm and unite with strong allies in readiness for war we will be courting the very evil we are preparing for and yet trying to avoid. Can we now, faced with this menace, ask our people to love all men as our brothers?

Yet there is an answer to this dilemma; let us rid ourselves of fear and despair, those two words so readily used by our writers. If we must be strong and armed to the teeth to ward off war, let us do so. If we believe, as we must, that a third of the population of the earth will not for long submit to exploitation and tyranny, we must remain confident in that belief, and unite our energies and ingenuity to bring it about. —H. S.

Ezekiel, 1; 16

By Robert Nathan

THESE are the Creatures we have called Divine,
The Holy Ones, in awe and wonder dressed,
Seraph and Angel, in their own design,
By Fire nurtured and by Chaos blessed.
Such silent portents, lighted like the stars,
Were never cousins to the human race;
These are no men from Jupiter or Mars,
No living visitors from outer space.
Ezekiel saw them with his prophet's eye;
A wheel within a wheel; and heard their mirth
Awful and lonely in the noonday sky,
Singing to God a music not of earth,
Watching without compassion or regret
Man's wretched course upon this planet set.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Applause

▶ HURRAY, FOR THE first act of John Mason Brown's "Circus-Drama in Two Acts," [*SR* July 26] which landed with all the impact of an encore right square in the middle of the second act! What a joy is literature—when the radio and television programs have already faded into the past. The "Elephant & Donkey in Chicago" is a wonderful account—but, then, look who wrote it!

LYDIA M. BIGELOW.

South Gate, Calif.

Reporter's Hearing

▶ AS A MATTER of reportorial accuracy, certain errors in John Mason Brown's "Elephant and Donkey in Chicago" (Act I) should be pointed out. As a spectator at the recent Republican Convention, I neither heard myself nor heard of anyone else hearing "cries demanding that the Virgin Islands delegation . . . should be polled." By speaking of them, Mr. Brown shows that he missed the humor—as well as the point—of the lone Virgin Islands delegate's statement made right after the Puerto Rican comedy that there would be no necessity for a poll of the Virgin Islands delegation.

Mr. Brown attributes to chairman Martin, by implication at least, a desire for revenge on Governor Fine as a result of the latter's snub of Martin, in that the chair recognized Minnesota in preference to Pennsylvania "to grant it the privilege of being the President-maker." This does Mr. Martin an injustice, for, I believe, Minnesota's placard was up and Minnesota recognized before the Pennsylvania placard budged. Martin had no choice.

But the essence of the convention, its basic significance, Mr. Brown well stated: the "Young Elephant," as he puts it, did "take over." All I can add is, "Amen."

JAMES L. OAKES.

Brattleboro, Vt.

Distorted Image

▶ ASHLEY MONTAGU'S editorial "Selling America Short" [*SR* July 26] is an effective summary of all criticism thrown at us by those who do not know us and do not want to know us but are concerned in finding a basis for comparing us with themselves unfavorably. The whole world, at least the literate and articulate part of it, seems bent on establishing their superiority over the American barbarians. We can't really do much about it, but we certainly should not sententiously repeat their nonsense.

For some reason, whenever the talk is of Americans the image is always one of the mode or average person. On the other hand when we speak of English or French we invariably think of the top

"Do you think the fans *really* loathe us?"

5 per cent of their people. The American is the man on the street, the "tourist," but our not inconsiderable intellectual and cultured section is not included. The opposite seems to apply when we think of Europeans. Maybe it is so because everything here is designed for the mass and over there for the esoteric top few. This attitude is evident in literature, fashion, entertainment, sport. Our catering to the people is thrown into our faces even though there is nothing wrong with it; in fact, that is our strength and the result is that a given group of Americans contains collectively more "culture" in all its component parts than any similar cross-section of other nations.

It is true that Americans stood out as sore thumbs when "over there." In the eyes of many Europeans they were the raucous barbarians that your editorial describes. This, however, has nothing to do with their "culture" but is an expression of their relatively uninhibited individuality, which is incomprehensible to the regimented Europeans. The vulgarity is apparent because it is so freely expressed. There are similar shortcomings among Europeans, in fact I believe more, but they are hidden under the bushel of a stratified, disciplined society. The recent past has shown that the "cultured" Europeans and "gentle" Indians, for instance, are capable of committing barbarities not unworthy of an Attila.

The amazing thing is that the very people who unseeingly have these inequities under their eyes point with glee at our lynchings and race discriminations. In the first place the incidence of them is so small and so clearly on the decline that they hardly are worthy of note. More importantly, they are again expression of a free society. To the Europeans it is incomprehensible why the Federal Government does not stop it by a simple ukaze. They don't understand the extent of our self-government and local autonomy and how our electorate can and does elect "impossible" officials and enacts crazy laws of their own free will. These things can be, and are being, corrected by the gradual process of growth. It is better to eliminate them by understanding rather than by hiding them under the cloak of discipline.

MILAN POPOVIC.

Califon, N. J.

Thin-Skinned

▶ I SHOULD LIKE TO comment on Ashley Montagu's excellent warning against American "thin-skinnedness" toward criticism from abroad. Last fall in the House of Lords I had the privilege of hearing the highly esteemed former British Ambassador to our country warning his colleagues against the same characteristic Yankee response to foreign criticism.

To Lord Halifax and Mr. Montagu, a

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timely reminder should be that we Americans are not used to such bitter and chronic criticism as the world now levels against us, friend and foe alike. We are used to the most heady type of praise, the praise implied in the tens of millions of people who have left their homelands around the world to make a new home with us. What higher and more convincing praise can a people give to another country than to leave their native heath, their mother tongue, the very house in which their forefathers may have lived for centuries to come to our shores. And here those same millions have abandoned their language, their customs, their costumes, their economic system, their political system in an effort to make themselves indistinguishable from the mass of old-line Americans. Europeans cannot understand how this could have been done peacefully and voluntarily. It is as incredible to them as the confessions in the Russian purge trials are to us.

During a year in Western Europe as a political observer, I was at first disturbed considerably by the criticism of my country . . . until I discovered that the principal grudge they held against us was that we would not let them come over here and become Americans, too, co-sharers in our blessed liberty and plenty.

RICHARD PILANT.

Muncie, Ind.

Long & Short of It

▶ THE ANALYSIS AND DIAGNOSIS of the editorial "Selling American Short" ends on an inconclusive note. In the nature of things, they must fall short of their object: to sell America long. As the editorial says, "That such views"—selling America short—"can be held by Europeans (and the rest of the world) suggests that something is somewhere wrong."

In oversimplified terms, we must sell America long, individually and collectively, ideologically and pragmatically, dialectically and conceptually, spiritually and materially, right here in America—to ourselves—first. . . .

PHILIP WEISS.

St. Louis, Mo.

Sold American

▶ YESTERDAY I READ IN Mr. Montagu's editorial "Selling America Short" a number of opinions which I have myself been voicing during the past seven years and which have been resented by my hearers.

The front page of the *Herald Tribune* this morning carried an item relating the highly justified indignation of Danish newspaper photographers at the clowning of Danny Kaye at the home of Hans Christian Andersen. A few months ago I read an item telling of the indignation aroused in one of the Scandinavian countries by the brutal tactics of visiting American hockey players. A few years back a group of American sailors desecrated the statue of some national hero in one of the West Indian capitals.

When these recorded and undeniable incidents are cited in company there is always a great outcry to the effect that such happenings are isolated matters attributable to an unfortunate minority such as might be found among any national group. I must say, however, that if such goonery is the work of a minority of our fellow countrymen, the minority is a damned big one and it has succeeded in giving its tone to our people as a whole.

The tragic truth is that never in history was the world so receptive towards the high opinion of a nation as vis-à-vis ourselves when we entered the war and with a talent amounting to genius we have transformed that "reservoir of good will" into a cistern of acute distaste. What is even more tragic we just cannot understand why. If you insult a man and knock him down his resentment is not likely to be dispelled by your purchasing for him a weapon to help defend "The American Way of Life."

THOMAS DEVINE.

New York, N. Y.

USSR & UNESCO

▶ AMID THE CONFUSION, demagoguery, apathy, and cynicism of our time, it is refreshing to read an editorial like that of Norman Cousins's "The Climate of Freedom" [*SR* July 19].

It has been said that UNESCO is Communist dominated. If this were so—which it most assuredly is not—how then would the know-nothings and isolationists explain the attitude which the three Soviet nations took *against* UNESCO at the 518th meeting of the thirteenth session of the Economic and Social Council of the U.N. at Geneva? The vote on accepting the report of the educational organization, which meant approval of it, was fifteen to three. Only Czechoslovakia, Poland, and the USSR voted against UNESCO.

The representative from Czechoslovakia charged UNESCO with prejudice against the new "people's democracies" and the Soviet Union. The delegate from Poland eondemned it for its moral support to what he termed "United States aggression in Korea." The delegate from the USSR attacked UNESCO for not having supported the Stockholm Peace Appeal and the appeal of the Warsaw Congress. In view of these facts it should be clear that the American foes of UNESCO are playing, wittingly or unwittingly, the Kremlin game.

Of course, UNESCO is building world community and the spirit of world citizenship. Of course, the U.N. must be strengthened into a limited federal government for the world. Of course, the resources and productive energies of mankind, now going into war, must be channeled into world projects for development and peace. But let us not for-

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get in the excitement of the struggle how little many people know about the structure and day to day activities of the U.N. and how much enlightenment may come from adequate publicizing of a few simple truths.

PALMER VAN GUNDY.

La Canada, Calif.

The Worth of Libraries

▶ IN HIS ARTICLE "How Much Is a Library Worth?" [*SR* July 5] Carl M. White has overlooked, or at least failed to emphasize, the chief value of libraries, namely that they are the sole means for documenting knowledge and placing the responsibility for the accuracy of one's information. Our culture has advanced in recent times as rapidly as it has only because the library is the repository of information which, though not necessarily true, is not dependent on the memory of human beings and word-of-mouth transmission for its accurate perpetuation.

Mr. White unwittingly provides an example of this most important worth of a library. In a portion of his discussion which apparently attempts to show the value of a library as a means of communication, there occurs this passage: "About the only clue to the structure of these compounds [the sugars] then recorded in the literature of the subject was a group of observations of an Italian chemist, Kiliani. Subsequently an investigator at Leipzig named Curtius, working in another and unrelated field, made hydrozoic [*sic*] acid. In the course of his experiments he recorded a more or less incidental observation which when Fischer read about it served him as a second clue." Actually Kiliani was not an Italian but a native-born German who held teaching posts at the Technische Hochschule in Munich and at the University of Freiburg. Curtius's work on hydrazoic acid had nothing to do with Fischer's work on sugars. The chemical used by Fischer was phenylhydrazine, which he himself discovered in 1875, and first used in his work on sugars in 1884. Curtius did prepare for the first time the compound hydrazine, but not until 1887 when he was at Erlangen, not Leipzig. It is highly probable that all three chemists subscribed to the *Berichte* and that, since they were contemporaries, libraries played no part in their communication with each other; but libraries are indispensable for keeping the record straight for subsequent generations.

As pointed out by Mr. White, the worth of a library is the sum of many values. Libraries are a means of communication; they are a source of pleasure; they are an adjunct to universities; they do permit young minds to seek out knowledge for themselves. But, most important of all, libraries are indispensable storehouses of information, and our culture will continue to advance rapidly only if our research libraries continue to receive adequate financial support.

CARL R. NOLLER.

Stanford, Calif.

Music to My Ears

SOME ASPECTS OF ASPEN

ASPEN, COLO.

IF THIS report suggests one third Sutton, one third Cousins, and one third Kolodin, it is merely a tribute to the tripartite nature of this otherwise singular place. Aspen has to be seen to be believed, which is Sutton's job; it has to be thought about to be appreciated, which is Cousins's function; and it has to be heard to be enjoyed, which is, I suppose, mine.

Sutton's work can be well cared for by the exercise of any lively imagination, especially if no check is put upon it. Take any vista of a hill-girt valley with yourself 7,900 feet above sea level and the steep slopes swinging up another three and four thousand feet to some snow-clad peaks in the distance intercepting any clouds lower than 14,000 feet, multiply it by two, add the instrumentality of Technicolor, square it by the product of a stimulating air whipped about by gentle breezes, and you have a fair approximation of the physical properties of this place.

In contrast to the generality of resorts, where, in Pope's applicable phrase, every prospect pleases and only man is vile, Aspen has more congenial people to the square inch than I have encountered in any comparable locality. This is in part a condition of its surroundings, which put it well out of reach of tourists and trippers. If you're here, you're here because you wanted to be in Aspen, and no other place.

It is further, of course, a condition of the kinds of lures that have been set up to draw people here. Some may come under a misapprehension and be disappointed, but it is a fair chance that those who predominate have come to blend the stimulating physical change provided by any resort worth the name with a stimulating mental change provided, to my knowledge, only by the one worth the name of Aspen. There's music in the air, of course, at every turn of every aspen-shaded road, as master teachers teach, students study, and the work of preparing the weekly concert schedule proceeds. But there is the best of good reasons even for a non-music-lover to spend a fortnight in Aspen as the Institute for Humanistic Studies goes about its work of bringing together a cross-section of American thought at a crossroad of American geography.

This summer's embracing subject is "Human Freedom," with a weekly lecture on some aspect of that broadest of panoramas. The keynote is struck by a guest lecturer, but the theme continues to vibrate through a series of forums and discussions which often produce more engrossing chords and modulations than the original. The cross-section includes businessmen and educators, artists and lawyers, plus a goodly scattering of others fitting no nominal pigeon hole. You discover as you listen and watch that they are like-minded, perhaps, only to the extent that they have minds and are not hesitant to use them. And out of the complicated variations in the name of

—SR *Photo by N. C.*

Under the big tent—". . . a stimulating mental change . . . worth the name of Aspen."

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government and labor, the cold war and the armaments program, the theme eventually emerges, with clarity and renewed vigor, that human freedom is worth thinking about.

In the cold statement, that is perhaps the platitude of the year; but how often, in a daily round of doing and getting, does one articulate any personal nuances of that big, resounding theme, or have one's silent beliefs strengthened and affirmed by a person you had never seen before, nor knew existed? Therein lies the special function of this special place. The artist learns that there are businessmen who can quote Socrates and make good sense in doing so; the businessman may discover that not all artists inhabit ivory towers or even pine-paneled penthouses. The educator may look around him and find some comfort in the evident fact that not all the energies of himself and his colleagues have been wasted. All will go back to the places from which they came with a quiet conviction that if the way of Aspen prevailed the world would be a better place in which to live.

The place of music in this scheme is a suitable one. There has been no public performance during the days I have been here, but the evidence of the classes I have visited and the work I have overheard is that a couple of hundred young hopefuls who comprise this year's student group are listening to good gospel from such superior artists as Szymon Goldberg and Martial Singher (to mention only those I have seen in action). They do not attract the seekers after easy paths to virtuosity, and if some such should come along they would soon find that the subject here is music, not violin playing or singing.

To be sure, Aspen has no patent on that philosophy, but it adds one more to the not-too-numerous places where it is being disseminated. What it does have a patent on, until its descendants come along in other parts of the country, is its preachment that music is a part of life, and that a well-rounded life should have music as a part of it. Delivered from this altitude, one feels that the message must find the echo it deserves. —Irving Kolodin.

Song

By David McCord

WIND and wave and star and sea,
And life is O! a song for me.
Wave and wind and sea and star,
Now I shall tell them what we are.
Star and sea and wind and wave,
I am a giant, strong and brave.
Sea and star and wave and wind,
You are the tiger I have skinned.

Broadway Postscript

MASTERS' VOICES

TO put a piece of literature on the Broadway stage, a producer must sell upwards of 100,000 tickets to pay back the original investment; to put the same work in print a publisher must sell about 3,000 books to cover the initial cost; but to put it on a long-playing record, the recording company need only sell 1,000 copies to break even.

This bit of economics so impressed a couple of would-be literary entrepreneurs that they have formed a company devoted to the project of putting literature on records. Marianne Roney and Barbara Cohen, both twenty-two-year-old alumnae of New York's Hunter College, decided last winter to pool resources and formed the Caedmon Publishing Company. The imaginative pair's first attempt was Dylan Thomas's reading of six of his poems. The Welsh poet, who is a professional at *both* reading and writing, was most cooperative. "He even asked us how we'd like to have him read the poems," recalls Miss Roney with a flush of delight.

The second recording they made was of Sir Laurence Olivier, who consented to let them issue his speech "On the Death of King George VI" on the other side of a BBC broadcast of that monarch's funeral. Although this was a non-profit item with the proceeds going to two American actors' funds, they are proud of the result and of having passed the acid test of satisfying the meticulous actor. Olivier, of course, is not a professional writer, but his deeply-felt explanation of the meaning of kingship to a British subject has the air of being something from one of Shakespeare's chronicle plays. Since it was delivered only a few days after the king died, and had to be written in the middle of an already overladen schedule which included acting in two plays and directing a third, it is a remarkable job of composition. "The only way we can explain it," says Miss Cohen, "is that perhaps he has spent so much of his career playing Shakespearean roles that he has acquired the knack of thinking in iambic pentameter."

For their next record they turned to Thomas Mann, who agreed to read —in German—the first chapter of his 1914 novel "Tonio Kroeger." While they recognized the limited market that exists for records in a foreign tongue, they feel sure that there is a sufficiently large German-speaking minority in this country (and this includes Americans studying German in colleges) to assure an adequate return from this project.

Caedmon's fourth and most recent issue is Tennessee Williams's reading of a scene from the last act of "The Glass Menagerie." For those of us who saw and admired the late Laurette Tay-

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lor's performance in this play as the finest in our time, it is interesting to compare our memory of the production with Mr. Williams's interpretation. Where Miss Taylor counterbalanced the humor in each line with the same amount of pathos, the playwright, whose interest was admittedly more in the role of the son whom he identified with himself, gives a more highly lampooned picture of his mother and reveals a greater bitterness towards the conventions that make our lives smaller and more ordinary.

On the same record are a few of the playwright's poems and an out-of-print short story called "The Yellow Bird." The latter is the humorous saga of Alma Tetwhiler, the minister's daughter, who takes to cigarettes, whiskey, and men with far less inner struggle than did the Alma of "Summer and Smoke."

While the girls are pleased with the record itself, they are positively elated about a new development that came about because of it. Mr. Williams's agent, Audrey Wood, with whom the girls had to negotiate for his services, felt there were bright possibilities in the Caedmon scheme and suggested that New Directions, who publish his works, be brought in

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 478

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 478 will be found in the next issue.

CM APEX OXPOBX DPF

FGXCH HCDGFA FGXK

LPNBR QPEOBSCT PM

WXCTD RXOHCZXR PM

FGXCH LHPTDA. FBCZXH

GXHMPHR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 477

War-time is divided into short periods of intense fear and long periods of intense boredom.

—Lord Gort

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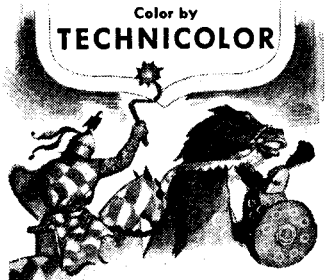
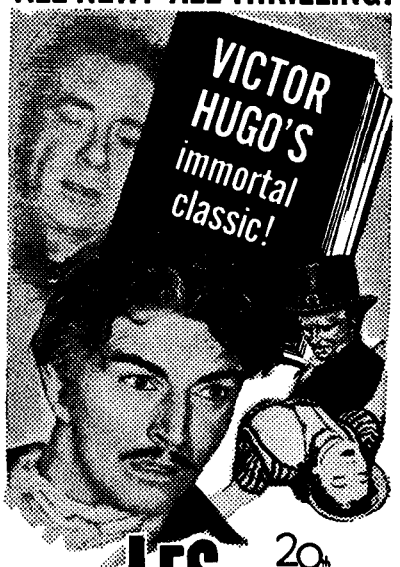

. . . Plus Gala New Revue "IRIDESCENCE"

ALL NEW! ALL THRILLING!


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to distribute the record in bookstores. The agent's suggestion was an apt one, because Caedmon had been having considerable difficulty persuading the regular record salesmen to detour from their music store routes in order to hit booksellers with their product. New Directions liked the project not only in terms of their profit on the records sold, but in terms of the possible subsequent demand for printed copies of the works introduced by ear. Hence from now on it should be as easy for the habitual book buyer to purchase one of these records as it always was for him to buy a popular book.

THE Misses Cohen and Roney tend to be a bit tight-lipped about many of their future plans, as they have a powerful competitor in Columbia Records. Columbia chalked up a spectacular sale on its "Hear It Now" albums of historically important utterances of the past forty years and has issued a record entitled "Pleasure Dome," which features eight distinguished modern poets reading excerpts from their published poems. In addition, the large company is planing an album for early in 1953 which will include several of our top novelists and short-story writers.

Meanwhile, Caedmon will try to average one record a month and will cater more to people with special literary interests. In the next few months it will record Jean-Paul Sartre reading in French from some of his philosophical works, Colette with one of her short stories, Katherine Anne Porter reading "The Downward Path to Wisdom," "Pale Horse, Pale Rider," and an unpublished short story. Also scheduled is a prominent British writer who will read a section from his new book with the record hitting the bookstores six weeks in advance of the book. While the idea in general is to have authors reading their own works, Caedmon expects to put out occasional records of the classics as interpreted by some of our better actors. Olivier has promised them some Shakespeare, Robert Ross will do some Chaucer, and if the Greek National Theatre Company is willing, Caedmon will even do Sophocles in Greek.

Such devotion to literature is not always rewarded with strong public response, but if one of the book clubs which is now dickering with them decides to use one of the records as a bonus for joining, the girls should have a nice steady business, plus the satisfaction of knowing that their product has helped to lessen the gap between author and reader. A gap increasingly troublesome in this busy age. —HENRY HEWES.

SR Goes to the Movies

IN THE LAND OF THE BLUE TEAL EYE

MY borrowed copy of "Who's Who" fails to list Howard Hawks, the Hollywood director and producer who introduced Paul Muni, Rita Hayworth, and The Thing to motion picture audiences, who set a wave of crime pictures going with "Scarface," made a successful series of popular air thrillers beginning with "The Dawn Patrol," and who has won some honors and hard cash for various studios with highly respectable offerings like "Sergeant York." He is one of the select Hollywood few, a man who may choose not only his own pictures but his studio connections as well. At present he is more or less on his own, heading a corporation called Winchester Pictures. It is this outfit which has produced "The Big Sky," (released by RKO), and after seeing it I have come to the conclusion that "Who's Who" may safely include him in their listings.

Howard Hawks has always had a liking for the outdoors, both in his personal life and in his craft. One of his more recent movies was that Western epic "Red River," one that is still discussed among devotees of that form with bated breath. But Mr. Hawks has truly flowered out with "The Big Sky," an adaptation of the A. B. Guthrie novel. It not only exhibits his skilled craftsmanship, but represents, as well, an interesting step forward for Hollywood. "Red River," for all its fine photography and tense melodrama was still a Western, staying within the relatively artificial traditions of the type. "The Big Sky," though replete with Indians, buffalo, and Western scenery, is something a good deal more than a Western. It explores a real tradition, and thus becomes almost the first true Hollywood attempt to equate, with some honesty, the events with the geography.

This is something that some visionary hopefuls have long been asking for. The past need not be explored merely in terms of horse opera and the discovery of gold ore and oil gushers. What is so heartening about "The Big Sky" is that it pits its people against nature herself, and in the doing helps re-create an aspect of our frontier, our folklore, and our history. It takes boldness to get out of any particular Hollywood groove, and it has also taken the talents of Mr. Guthrie and the immense popularity of his novel to show the true way West. By paying meticulous attention to clothing a period as authentically as possible Mr. Hawks has given us the opportunity to explore new country, both physically and thematically. In addition to that he has made one of our fine movies of adventure, something, let us say, in the class of "Mutiny on the Bounty."

Some first-rate talents were hired by Hawks in his double capacity of producer and director—not only a competent cast, but Dudley Nichols for the scenario and Dmitri Tiompkin for the musical score. Purists may complain that the sequence of events and the characterizations of the novel have not been too strictly followed. But Mr. Guthrie was, if anything, too lavish with the material he provided. The screenplay selects and coalesces, finds a single and appropriate story line, rather than many threads. Two young men from Kentucky, Jim Deakins and Boone Caudill, have come to St. Louis in 1830, hungry for new vistas, anxious to explore and perhaps find riches in the receding wilderness. Kirk Douglas is Deakins, and in compliment to him it must be said that he seems a new face. Dewey Martin, an interesting and as yet untyped new-

SR Recommends

The Big Sky: Reviewed in this issue.

Son of Paleface; Bob Hope in a "wild man" film reminiscent of Keaton and Lloyd. (*SR* Aug. 9.)

Ivanhoe: A somewhat denatured but still splendiferous mounting of Scott's Norman-Saxon classic. (*SR* Aug. 2.)

Carrie: An absorbing match with Laurence Olivier's talent combating his lack of verisimilitude in Dreiser's part. (*SR* July 12.)

High Noon: A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (*SR* July 5.)

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a highly scenic apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI. (*SR* Apr. 19.)

Singin' in the Rain: Gene Kelly in a nostalgic spoofing of the early talkies. (*SR* Apr. 12.)

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

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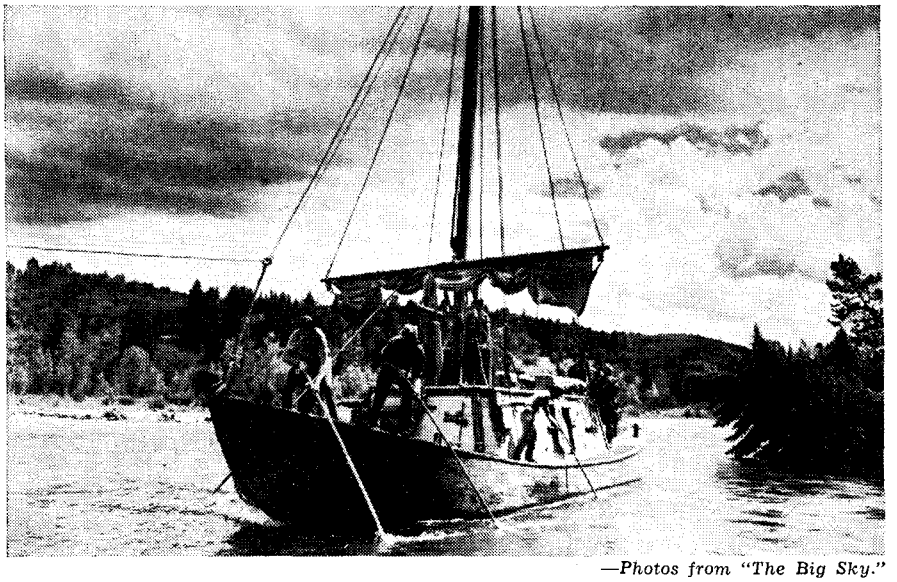
comer, has in Boone Caudill his first large role, and Hawks showed astuteness in selecting him for it. Their key to the frontier is an elderly uncle of Boone's, and when they find him it is in time to join a keelboat expedition that will travel the Missouri River into Blackfoot Indian country—the Montana and Wyoming of today.

The trip is a long and arduous one, and is accompanied by a host of dangers. Since the mission is in hope of trading with the hitherto unfriendly Blackfoot tribe, the expedition is continually harassed by what we might term the vested fur-trading interests. And since the river has not been completely charted, the clumsy boat must be alternately sailed, poled, and pulled for vast distances. The cargo, it is made plain, is whiskey. Also, as part of the cargo, is Teal Eye, lost daughter of a Blackfoot chieftain. By returning her to her tribe, Jourdonnais, the French-American leader of the expedition, hopes for some lucrative fur-trading in exchange for his liquid and feminine cargo.

THE photography is some of the best that I have yet seen on the American screen. Not mere vistas or backgrounds of forest, valley, and mountain, but a conscientious capturing of mood and atmosphere. There are stunning shots of the ungainly keelboat setting out at night in a river fog, of game being catapulted from a high bank into the river to be hauled in by the crew of the boat, of a war party of Shoshones patiently and silently trailing the boat, in full view of its crew, waiting for the inevitable time when the expedition will be forced to make an encampment. The latter makes a fine pictorial sequence, and Mr. Hawks dwells lovingly on it. The brawling, quick-tempered natures of the Frenchmen of the crew cause trouble, as does the Indian girl, the one woman in a womanless country.

Elizabeth Threatt, another newcomer, plays Teal Eye. She was snagged by Mr. Hawks from her duties as a Powers model. I must admit that at times she looks more like a model wrapped in a blanket, but since her acting is confined to wrestling with Dewey Martin and making Indian sign talk (and since, after all, she is half Cherokee by birthright) there is no real harm done to the movie. Perhaps the choicest role of all has been given to Arthur Hunnicott; as Uncle Zeb he is a drawling, whiskey-guzzling old trapper who knows the ins-and-outs of fur trading, and the natures of the Indians of the region. Hunnicott would have walked away with the picture if Kirk Douglas and Dewey Martin had not been up to the challenge.

". . . something a good deal more than a Western."



—*Photos from "The Big Sky."*

". . . a conscientious capturing of mood and atmosphere."

One of the most unusual notes of all —for Hollywood—is provided by the ending. Once the Blackfoot country is reached, the trading accomplished, Boone Caudill finds that he is the beloved of Teal Eye. As the Blackfoot people go into a ritual nuptial dance (I fear the romantic embroidery gets a bit thick at this point, though the dance itself seems authentic enough) Boone is invited into Teal Eye's tent. When he emerges he finds that he is in possession of a bride. And damned if he doesn't decide to stay with her in that fine hunting and fishing country rather than to return.

A man could do a lot worse.

—Hollis Alpert.

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TV and Radio

NOTES TO YOU

DURING the past few months I've scribbled some rather important notations on the backs of envelopes. I would like now to pass this stuff along to you and clean up this mess before the new television season gets under way.

On one of the envelopes there is a long note I made which starts off, "Four score and seven years ago"—something or other. I can't make it out. It was probably nothing. Most of the other notes I can decipher, and they seem to be very vital ideas and incidents concerning our new and fabulous medium, television. Here are the notes with explanations:

PIANO TEACHER..... For some months, until a few days ago when he was found out, a busy little man with a roll of music has been walking into the infrequently used radio studios on the second and third floors of NBC, all of which contain grand pianos, and he has been giving piano lessons to small children by appointment. When he was discovered he was quickly and, I think, unreasonably dispossessed from his floating, air-conditioned music studios.

* * *

PHIL REGAN..... During one of the late departed political convention telecasts the camera had been focused on a long interior shot of the hall for some time where practically nothing had been going on for some time. They finally cut away to the studio where an interview with some political figure was in progress. The interview was also on the dismal side and after about five minutes the camera returned to the long shot of the convention itself. Over this shot came the announcer's voice: "Well, you haven't missed much since we left here. Phil Regan just sang 'I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby,' which, considering the fact that he is a grandfather, can hardly be considered a campaign promise."

* * *

STEVENSON..... To me one of the most beautifully constructed bits of political acerbity was contained in Governor Adlai Stevenson's speech of welcome to the Democratic delegates. Said he, in speaking of the departed Republicans' convention: "For almost a week pompous phrases marched over this landscape in search of an idea."

* * *

EMPTY SEATS..... Saturday morning during the TVeep nomination for Mr. Stevenson's running mate, when everybody knew the night before it was in the bag for Mr. Sparkman, most of the delegates had failed to show up at the hall. The NBC camera concentrated for a full moment on a huge section of empty seats, and slowly these words were superimposed over the picture: "Try to spot your delegate."

* * *

MORE EMPTY SEATS..... Speaking of empty seats, and leaving the conventions for the moment, there has crept into the TV baseball games an almost frantic appeal by the announcers for fans to come on out to the ball park. On the Dodger telecast some nights ago Red Barber went so far as to have the camera focus on a large block of empty seats at Ebbetts Field, with an accompanying soliloquy that there were plenty of seats like these to be had for all games, and that the popular conception that they were sold out for all games is not true any more as it was, said Mr. Barber, during the war days, when everybody had a lot of money and was looking for places to spend it.

He went even further later on. He was talking about the classy first basemen of both the Dodgers and the opposing team. Seconds later a play took place at first base which the camera was not quick enough to catch. And Mr. Barber hinted broadly to the potential customers of his sponsors' products that they would be much better off if they came to the ball park and saw the game, where they could be sure to see every play, which sometimes the camera was not alert enough to catch.

* * *

SECRET WEAPON..... The Yankees and the Giants are suffering the same decline in gate receipts, and there is no question but that television is cutting pretty deeply into the attendance figures at all ball parks. But the Yankees have come up with a secret weapon to get the fans to come to the ball park. His name is Art Gleason, and a more unsure, unsteady, unreliable baseball announcer I have never heard. When the bases are loaded with opposing runners, and the pitcher is throwing to our man at bat, Mr. Gleason will often as not take this time out to remark that the Yankees are due back at the Stadium August something or other and don't miss these upcoming games. He will say that Martin throws to Collins at first, and then after a long pause correct it to say that Martin threw to Mize at first, Mize having replaced Collins the inning before, which is the first we listeners have heard of it. He will say that this is the pitcher's third strikeout. Then correct himself to say that it is his fourth strikeout, having struck out Mantle in the second inning. Then he will correct that by saying it was his fifth strikeout, having struck out Bauer in the first. Then to add to the confusion he will say that Mantle walked in the second. He was really struck out in the sixth. Or seventh. Mantle was struck out in the seventh. Meanwhile there are three balls and two strikes on the batter which he has never mentioned at all. Despite the perfection of his partner Mel Allen's descriptions of the games Mr. Gleason has been sending hundreds of TV viewers away from their sets out to the stadium, and easily ranks with Joe DiMaggio as a draw to any Yankee game.

* * *

FAN MAIL..... Some letters inquire why specific television shows are never reviewed in this column. There always has seemed to me a sort of futility about reviewing a one-shot show, as contrasted with reviewing a play or a movie which may have a long run. As somebody said some years ago about radio shows: "Once you've put the show on the air it then belongs to the sparrows." Or to go even further back, when Percy Hammond was drama critic and his paper sent him to Europe to write about World War I. somebody said: "My God, suppose he doesn't like it!" —GOODMAN ACE.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 959)

P. MACKAYE:

THE MYSTERY OF HAMLET

(*King of Denmark, or What We Will*)
(A tetralogy, in prologue to the tragicall historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, by William Shakespeare)

Good-bye, sweet England;
I came to ask thee tribute, but instead
I'll come again to pay it sevenfold. . . .
Thou spread'st thine embers o'er the world . . .
Thou lightest a dawn-candle for brave men
To gauge their freedoms by. . . .

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HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 13)

drive men, at least in art and literature, into the woods where they may revert to primitivism or deviate into bestiality, become wild men—real men and women who cannot escape the consequences of the mismanagement or the misfortunes of life may thus enjoy vicariously for a spell the wild man's freedom, and rejoice too when in some thirteenth-century romance or some fifteenth-century tapestry the wild man is restored to happiness in society.

History Notes

NATIONS HAVE SOULS. By André Siegfried. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Putnam. $3. In France the reputation of André Siegfried has for some time been very considerable. His recent lectures on national psychologies here translated into English sum up a great deal of what he has been saying and writing about the world over the past half century. Replete with historical imagination and a fund of personal stories, they seek to lay bare the driving forces in the Anglo-American, Latin, German, and Slavic worlds. No one could dismiss them as superficial impressionism. Patently they are not. So far as the existence of corporate national psychologies can be admitted at all, these brief essays do something to light up the minds of peoples unknown to us, and, not least illuminatingly, to throw a foreign spotlight on ourselves. Many of M. Siegfried's comments are extremely penetrating, even when they stab home sharply into the heart of our personal burden of prejudices and idiosyncrasies. If they do nothing else, these papers will help dispel that discouragingly obscurentist point of view which so comfortably and dogmatically holds that people are the same everywhere.

Nevertheless, it is possible to suggest that in seeking to dispel this disastrous illusion M. Siegfried has fallen into the trap of caricaturing his national types. No doubt it is useful and arresting to attach a label to a people for the sake of dramatization. And it is probably not totally incorrect to accuse the French of being ingenious, the English of being tenacious, the Germans of being disciplined, the Russians of being mystic, and the Americans of being dynamic. But all too often the analysis is too closely woven about these central, over-simplified notions. All too often what is said of one people in support of the special thesis relating to them could as easily have been said of another. It is not simply that the English-speaking reader may feel that sympathy for the Latin world closes M. Siegfried's mind rather too much to other national types. It is just that from time to time one can hear the lecturer playing too hard to his audience, drawing approving nods, smiles, and shouts of laughter at the expense, not of some silly national pride, but of real thought and understanding. The French are prone to conclude that we Anglo-Americans are a dour and unimaginative folk; perhaps we are in a good many ways. But we probably have wit enough to distinguish, while enjoying them, the bons mots and canards here from what is more perceptive and of lasting interest. And of this latter there is a rich serving. —JOHN C. CAIRNS.

SOME MODERN HISTORIANS OF BRITAIN: Essays in Honor of R. L. Schuyler. Edited by Herman Ausubel, J. Bartlett Brebner, and Erling M. Hunt. Dryden Press. $5. In twenty-two short essays ranging in subject matter from Thomas Carlyle to Winston Churchill, former students of Professor R. L. Schuyler of Columbia University have produced a handsome volume to mark his election to the presidency of the American Historical Association. Dean Krout's brief appreciation of Professor Schuyler underlines the fact that this collection is not at all what an English historian once acidly described as "the last humiliation of an aged scholar, when his juniors conspire to print a volume of essays and offer it to him as a sign that they now consider him senile."

The individual essays contain biographical information and an analysis of the main contribution to English historical thought of each of the historians selected for treatment. Three of them, G. B. Adams, C. M. Andrews, and G. L. Beer, are Americans; the others are almost all Englishmen. Out of the variety and clash of opinion of some of England's greatest historians the reader can gain a wholesome appreciation of the spread of English political civilization. There is, however, no appeal here to read the past only for present guidance, nor is the

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emphasis wholly political—as the eloquent essays on Halévy and Tawney amply demonstrate.

The editors and the publishers are to be congratulated on a bright and erudite volume in honor of a distinguished historian and teacher.

—JOHN TRUEMAN.

REPUBLICAN IDEAS AND THE LIBERAL TRADITION IN FRANCE, 1870-1914. By John A. Scott. Columbia University Press. $3. This lucid and penetrating monograph will be welcomed by all serious students of modern political thought and particularly by those concerned with the evolution of the Third French Republic. Republican democracy in Europe achieved its most systematic expression in France in the forty years before 1914. Yet, while democratic institutions as institutions have been patiently dissected, democracy "as a social force, an ethical concept, or a political ideal" has been relatively neglected. Mr. Scott's detailed and well-documented analysis of the theories that most clearly influenced French political life between 1870 and 1914 helps to redress this imbalance.

Republican theories, which had roots reaching back to the eighteenth century and earlier, were reformulated in France after 1870 as neo-Girondism and neo-Jacobinism. In describing these schools the author avoids over-abstract speculation by discussing the views, the personalities, and the publications of Charles Secrétan, Charles Renouvier, Emile Littré, Emile Faguet, Georges Clemenceau, Alfred Fouilleé, Léon Bourgeois, and others. By testing their theories against the political and social realities of the period he concludes that neo-Girondism was "essentially aristocratic" and embodied "fundamental divergencies," whereas neo-Jacobinism was more "popular" and "in the form of *solidarité* was a clearly unified system." Clemenceau, the leading protagonist of neo-Jacobinism while he remained in the political opposition, sacrificed social welfare to military preparation after he entered the cabinet in 1906. The melancholy lesson implicit in these pages (though it is not stressed) is that the Third French Republic evolved a coordinated functional system of republican democracy and that the defects of this system may be attributed to external rather than internal forces —specifically to European militarism and the crushing ordeal of World War I.

—GEOFFREY BRUUN.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

MYTHOLOGY MAGIC

The first letters of the names of the mythological characters listed below will spell the name of a contemporary lady held in great esteem for her magic with words, according to Ruth Stebbins, of Elizabeth, New Jersey. Allowing four points for each character and twenty-eight points for the lady, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 34.

1. This maiden was carried to Crete by Jupiter in the form of a white bull.
2. Another maid was wooed by Jupiter in the guise of a swan.
3. When she donned her robe of many colors, this messenger of the gods caused a rainbow as she went from Heaven to Earth.
4. This Greek King of Gods could assume many shapes.
5. A Lydian maiden was changed into a spider by Minerva.
6. A hospitable wife was transformed into a linden tree by Jupiter.
7. This shepherd youth, loved by Diana, was granted eternal youth by Jupiter.
8. This Trojan youth was changed to a grasshopper by Aurora.
9. This daughter of Aoelus was turned into a kingfisher.
10. Circe changed this maiden into a monster who devoured hapless mariners.
11. This deity of Hindu mythology was supposed to have been created from a black hair.
12. A beautiful daughter of a king of Argos was changed to a white heifer by Jupiter.
13. A sorrowing mother was turned into stone after the death of her fourteen children.
14. This statue came to life after her creator fell in love with her.
15. A Centaur was changed by Jupiter into this constellation.
16. After eating the food of these people, Odysseus' men forgot all about returning home.
17. Through the power of Juno, this maiden became only a voice.
18. In Scandinavian mythology, the world was created from the body of this giant.

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 16)

dreds of such curiously hectic and lumbering tales, unbelievable in some respects, unbearable in the rest.

—CHARLES LEE.

ANGEL CAKE. By P. G. Wodehouse. Doubleday. $2.75. This is only Wodehouse's forty-third book, and it's a pleasure to report that P. G., though almost seventy-two, can still infuse his writing with as much verve, gusto, and humor as any three writers of twenty-four. As usual, Wodehouse doesn't have anything to say vis-a-vis The Cold War, The Atom, or Chancellor Adenauer; his forte is mayhem, irresponsible and pointless, and "Angel Cake" is as fine a stage for his carrying-on as any of his other forty-two books.

Trying to report the details of a Wodehouse story is silly. This, as many of his other books, when stripped to their plot essentials, looks embarrassingly collegiate. Still, for the man who has to be sure of a "story," here goes: Cyril Fotheringay-Phipps, as pigeon-brained a character as ever romped in print, is a hotel clerk, full of British wit like "Right ho, old egg," who unexpectedly inherits $22,000.18. It has an impact on his life. First thing he knows, he quits his job, dashes off to New York, falls in love with a girl whose attention he attracts by setting her hat ablaze in the middle of Madison Avenue, and is persuaded by a theatrical agency of no integrity whatever to invest half his money in a play which, in rehearsal, as they say, looks as though it will open Saturday night and close late the same week. Our hero is also called upon to cross swords with the usual assortment of Wodehouse characters—agents and angels, guys and dolls, garrulous and drunk, cunning and dumb. The book, in short, is something of a caricature of Broadway, almost worthy of being hung on the wall of Sardi's.

I know, it certainly doesn't look like much when skeletonized. You'll have to take my word for it that, with Wodehouse calling the signals in witty and burlesque fashion, Cyril does avoid disaster, the blaze is extinguished, love does triumph, and everyone has a good time.

—BERNARD KALB.

TOUCHED WITH FIRE. By John Tebbel. Dutton. $3.50. La Salle is the interesting but somewhat difficult hero

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of Mr. Tebbel's second historical romance. Interesting because his life and adventures, faithfully recorded, his long love affair with the Mississippi River, his relations with the Indians, his struggles with the Jesuits and with his political rivals, all provide material for stirring scenes of adventurous exploration, and Mr. Tebbel makes the most of it. Difficult because, despite everything the author can do and has done, the explorer remains a highly unpleasant person—fanatic, arrogant, celibate, and, finally, apparently psychopathic. Since Mr. Tebbel adverts but fleetingly to the commercial motives in the picture, La Salle's dedication to the Mississippi and the machinations of his enemies to circumvent him appear more like romantic inventions than like the stern facts upon which Mr. Tebbel has based his tale. For the more usual form of romance, Mr. Tebbel supplies his narrator with a standard assortment of love affairs.

LAXDALE HALL. By Eric Linklater. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50. There is plenty of plot in this agglomeration by Mr. Linklater of local color, farcical situation, broad satire, and eccentric characters. One thread concerns the efforts of Catronia Matheson to stage an open-air production of the Bacchanals of Euripides in Laxdale, an almost inaccessible town in the West Highlands of Scotland. Another has to do with what the villagers did about a gang of professional poachers out to despoil in wholesale fashion the town's waters of salmon. Still another with the efforts of an M.P. to drive the stubbornly individualistic natives into an industrial suburb he is intent on creating. Mr. Linklater solves this one in true slapstick fashion, at one point having the ladies of the township tree this villain naked and ashamed before their ire. He similarly uses farcical devices to resolve most of his other plot problems including that of the disguised novelist, the amiable native poacher, and the ineffectual gamekeeper. Captious readers may feel he has piled in too many plots, but he keeps them moving fast and has a genuinely witty style with enough bite in it to keep you reading. Those who are allergic to the dialect of the Scots or to generous descriptions of Highland weather should be warned that these are here aplenty.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

The Wild Children & She

(For a New York girl who taught among the Chickasaw Indians in 1857)

By Welborn Hope

NOW they are running with the wind,
The wild children and she;
For they have put away books from mind,
And follow home a honey-bee;
She has forgotten her far off kind,
They have found the honey-tree.

It is twilight; under the tree, dark;
They are fed on golden food;
They lie on warm grass beneath the arc
Of heaven's sound-lit solitude:
And she tends now the musical spark
Human in her brown brood.

Lonesome, becoming lonesomer,
The wild children and she;
What if an old love ache in her
As she murmurs poetry?
Soft are the poet's words that stir
The wild hearts at her knee.

The wise owls wake before the dawn,
The tired stars shake when they hear;
Swift the wild children and she are gone
In the change and chill of air;
Where they have risen, day will shine on
Dewy wild deer-bells there.

You've always said you OUGHT to read it -NOW YOU CAN, WITH EASE AND PLEASURE!

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—C. A. ROBINSON, JR.,
Professor of Classics, Brown University

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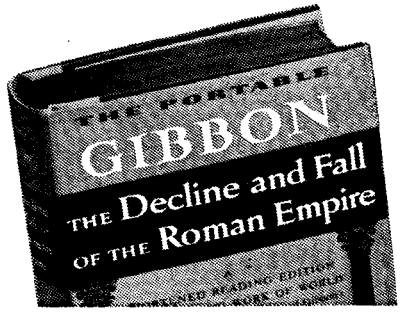

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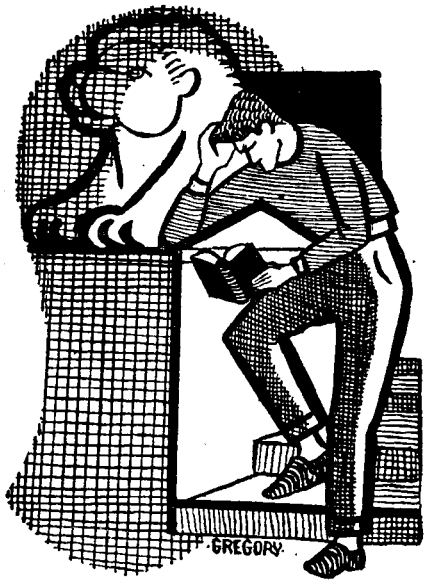
THE BOOK

(*Continued from page 21*)

some minor ways and in one important particular. Whereas the previous work was a collective enterprise by a group of compilers, the present work is from the hands of one man and gains something in uniformity from this concentration of responsibility. Mr. Wing has examined practically every book listed, and has included information as to place and name of printer. The 26,000 pamphlets on the English Civil War collected by the contemporary bookseller George Thomason have been severally examined, for instance. And it should be noted that the work includes in the designation "Books" all pamphlets of fifty pages or more. (Fifty seems a curious number since a fifty-page pamphlet would have one loose leaf.) Titles have been elided where this saves space and does not impair the sense. Enumeration has been within the alphabetical division, thus avoiding the use of five digit numbers, and permitting the reference to items in this catalogue as "E 260," "H 5728," a common-sense method.

It must be understood that "A Short-Title Catalogue" is not a census of all known copies. Even though Mr. Wing may know of many other copies, no more than ten locations are listed for any one title—five in the United States, three in England, one in Scotland, and one in Ireland. These are selected with as wide a geographical distribution as possible, thus indicating reasonable access to the books for scholars in this country and Britain. Duplicate copies in any one library are omitted and usually no more than one copy is listed in the same city. To indicate all locations would unduly complicate the book. For other copies available scholars may consult Mr. Wing's cards in the Yale Library. A list of the libraries referred to (227 of them), together with their symbols, appears on the end papers—a useful device.

In a time when television and halftone pictures are more and more making "this world a fleeting show for man's illusion given," it may be asked of what use is this relatively short list of books in a restricted field. Mr. Wing's devoted and exhaustive labors



over ten years have provided a full summary (only a baker's dozen of omissions have so far been discovered) of the issues of the press in England and America for sixty important and productive years. Students of this period in all branches of learning, book collectors and book dealers, and librarians now have information available in one place which has hitherto been unavailable or widely scattered. This work will take a permanent place in the records of enumerative bibliography. All scholars will acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Wing and to the Index Society for this monumental work.

This Happy Folio...

ISLANDS OF BOOKS. By Lawrence Clark Powell. Ward Ritchie Press. $4. This is a charmingly printed book about books, written for bookmen by a thorough bookman who enjoys the busy felicity of being both librarian of the University of California at Los Angeles and director of the William Andrews Clark Memorial Library. Even a Magliabechi could not ask for a more congenial dual assignment in this valley of the shadow of life. But neither Magliabechian dryness nor dust is in the air when Dr. Powell writes of books, for—as these casual, rambling papers prove—he is no mere collector or student of catalogues, but one who has read and loved, and read to love again. For him there is no happier concurrence than the triple meeting of the right book and the right place and the right time. "Islands of Books" celebrates such meetings with grace and with sentiments that will be thought excessive only by readers who have never had the good fortune to experience them.

—Ben Ray Redman.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Europa. 2. Leda. 3. Iris. 4. Zeus. 5. Arachne. 6. Baucis. 7. Endymion. 8. Tithonus. 9. Halcyone. 10. Scylla. 11. Prishna. 12. Io. 13. Niobe. 14. Galatea. 15. Saggitarius. 16. Lotus Eaters. 17. Echo. 18. Ymir.

AMERICANA

(*Continued from page 20*)

rest of the winter with him, but six of them soon decided to push on and broke camp February 9. Two months later Packer, alone—and, legend has it, fat and sleek—wandered into the Los Pinos Indian Agency.

Packer's conflicting stories aroused suspicions. Before long he admitted cannibalism, and a *Harper's Weekly* artist stumbled on five corpses. Then Packer escaped from the flimsy adobe cabin that Saguache, Colorado Territory, called a jail. In 1883 he was picked up in Wyoming, brought back to be tried for murder, and sentenced to death. A defect in Colorado law caused his conviction to be set aside, whereupon he was tried for manslaughter and received a forty-year sentence. He served fifteen years before sob sister Polly Pry of the *Denver Post* got him a parole.

Paul Gantt has conscientiously washed away the sand of legend and come up with the apparent nuggets of fact. But he is a lawyer, not an artist.

—J. Merton England.

WILLIAM JAY GAYNOR, MAYOR OF NEW YORK. By Mortimer Smith. Henry Regnery Co. $2.50. New York has occasionally had bad mayors, but it has rarely lacked picturesque ones. William Jay Gaynor (1910-1913) was among the most picturesque, and far from being the worst. His very defects abetted his picturesqueness. He had a bad press, largely because his "public relations" (a locution mercifully not then invented) were bad. "Newspaper writers," he said, "are mere slaves. Worse than that, they are dishonorable slaves." Yet the *World* could say of him when he died: "In a long line of commonplace and slate-colored mayors of New York, he towers a giant among pygmies." Mr. Smith is neither pro-giant nor pro-pygmy; he writes with a fluent, dead-pan objectivity that comes as close to neutrality as the biographer of a controversial figure can hope to approach. The Rosenthal murder, followed in proper course by the execution of the Four Gunmen and, later, of Police Lieutenant Becker (a drama that outdid the Kefauver hearings), did Gaynor no good. Neither did an attempt to assassinate him, though it produced one of the great news pictures (here included). Mr. Smith's book is designedly "a lean statement" (Gaynor's phrase) of facts bolstered by citations from the record and extracts from Gaynor's own pungent utterances.

—J. T. W.

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HOW MUCH FREEDOM IN YUGOSLAVIA?

(*Continued from page 9*)

consisting of all peasants. I asked to see the minutes of the last general assembly. They were brought out of the files and translated to me. This, of course, could not have happened in the Iron Curtain world.

When the June 1948 Soviet-Yugoslav rupture occurred, a Colonel Vladimir Dapchevich was arrested for allegiance to the Cominform, tried in public, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. The colonel's older brother, General Peko Dapchevich, was then and continues to be the assistant chief of staff of the Yugoslav Army; I watched him receive the salute of the guard of honor at the annual wreath-laying on the grave at Avala of the Unknown Soldier which, incidentally, is graced by a beautiful Mestrovich sculpture. In the Soviet empire and even, one fears, in some democratic countries, guilt by association would have eliminated the general too.

SHORTLY before the end of my five weeks' stay in Yugoslavia, I went to the headquarters of the Central Committee of the Communist Party for my third meeting with Djilas. I left him after the lunch hour. Three or four people were walking in one direction on the very broad pavement in front of the building and about the same number were walking in the opposite direction. At the curb stood a fine new American car, the only car in the block. Nobody was in it. About a yard from the car I saw a well-dressed man in a nice suit and felt hat. There was nobody anywhere near him. I looked; it was Alexander Rankovich, the chief of the Yugoslav secret police with whom I had had an interview. I walked over to him, shook his hand, exchanged a few words with him, shook hands again, and went away. He was waiting for his driver. That is the whole story. It could not have happened in any Soviet or sovietized country. The head of the NKVD would never be seen on the street. He would get into his automobile in a guarded, closed courtyard and the car would be preceded or followed by one full of armed agents.

Yugoslavs have a traditional aversion to despots and have effective means of revolting against them. Tito knows that tyranny could not last long. Since the break with Russia there has been a conscious effort, with perceptible success, to relax political tensions and lighten economic pressures. Less state-capitalist bureaucracy, less centralization, less industrialization, and less collectivization are not only the result of economic necessity but also of a desire to broaden the area of freedom and thus broaden the regime's political support. Tito has no Siberia and no

The Criminal Record

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BLACK DREAM *Constance and Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Ill-feeling in boarding-house somewhere in U.S. erupts in sudden death; flatfoot (real one) does his stuff.	Female sleepwalker among course's hazards, also lady and gent doctors.	So-so
WARRANT FOR A WANTON *Michael Gillian* (Mill-Morrow: $2.50)	Sentenced for Chicago murder, handcuffed hero busts loose, vindicates self.	Adventures while on lam run gamut from lurid to whimsical.	Far-fetched
LAST SEEN WEARING— *Hillary Waugh* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Mass. college gal vanishes; Chief Frank Ford and force go over case with fine-tooth comb.	Intelligent, thorough job; treatment smooth, sure; people (including cops) authentic.	Tops

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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desire, apparently, to use one. He learned from the Soviet Union what not to do. "In Russia," he said to me, "we saw many mistakes and the consequences of limitations on freedom and criticism. For instance, the absolute lack of faith of one person in another and the errors in education generally. We saw freedom on paper, but in fact he who criticizes was arrested."

Didn't he suppress criticism, I asked. "On what ground should we suppress criticism?" he replied. "On the ground that a few people believe they can think for the entire nation and, in general, not listen to the voice of the people. Stalin imagines he can think for 200 million people. For us," he said a bit later, "it is very important that our people do not like anyone who tries to lift himself up too high and put himself on a pedestal. Our people appreciate a man who tries to be on a plane of equality with them. That is the kind of nation the Yugoslavs are. But there one still feels the vestiges of Czarist Russia."

HE told me of his personal relations with many peasants and others. "But the entire nation does not approve of you," I said. "No," he frankly confessed, "not the whole nation but the overwhelming majority."

"But what could the people do if they disapproved?" I probed.

"Throw us out," Tito answered.

"How?"

"Very simply," Tito explained. "Isn't the army the people?"

In the 1930's, Lady Astor, the British *enfant terrible,* asked Stalin when he would stop shooting people. "When it is no longer necessary," Stalin said. Tito's attitude is very different. I told him that Rankovich, the chief of the secret police, had assured me he possessed no right under the constitution to shoot anybody without a court sentence and that he had not shot anybody with or without a court sentence since 1947. But what, I continued, would prevent Rankovich from shooting somebody if he wished to do so?

Tito asserted: "He would not do it. The Government would not do it. The Government must be the first to see to it that laws are obeyed. Why, if we would start breaking the law . . ."

"But what compels you to observe the law?" I interrupted.

"Public opinion," Tito stated.

The acts of the Yugoslav leaders and the demeanor and history of the people, the freedom of literary controversy, the nature of current literature, as well as the scrapping of the do-all state seem to promise a growth of freedom. In a world where the trend is in the other direction, this is worth recording.

BOOKED for TRAVEL

LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF SASHIMI

THE happiest man in New York is 9,000 miles from home, and has been here only a few weeks. He is happy, one must hasten to add, for neither of these reasons. It is simply his nature and perhaps his nationality. Mr. Kazuo Iwata, a youthful looking Japanese who is the new head of the newly re-opened American office of the Japan Travel Bureau, can find something mirthful in almost anything.

In Mr. Iwata's serious moments, and there are many of these, he will try to persuade Americans to come to Japan as tourists. "Before war had 10,000 tourists at peak year," Mr. Iwata said. "Last year 50,000." We expressed considerable amazement and Mr. Iwata said, "New way of calculating." Then he broke into a laugh, "uh-hah-hah-hah-uh," pulling it up short as if he were reining runaway horses.

Travelers are coming on cruises now, stopping six hours at Yokohama and Kobe, and since these visitors are taken on short inland tours they are counted in the over-all total. Before the war there was regular transient service by Canadian Pacific Steamship Lines, the Dollar Line, and Japan's NYK Line. Now the only passenger service is carried by American President Lines and a few freighters. But now there is also the air. Ten airlines serve Tokyo, and a well-padded tourist who doesn't mind flying around the clock and spending $1,170 round trip can contemplate a vacation in Mr. Iwata's home acres. Pan American has promised a tourist-fare schedule, usually pegged 30 per cent below regular fares, for 1953. Many Americans will wing east to snarl themselves in the International Dateline. As one traveler returning from the Far East said the other day, "I spent one forty-eight hours looking for Wednesday."

Kazuo Iwata—"cheaper in Japan."

"This year's target, 70,000," Mr. Iwata announced, speaking of American tourists. Many of these will be Japanese-Americans who live in Hawaii and return to the old country in tour parties. They spend three weeks traveling over the islands. "Then they go to old home town," Mr. Iwata explained, "meeting old friends, visiting ancestors' tombs. Many have not been back to Japan forty, fifty years."

LIFE is cheaper in Japan if the tourist lives Japanese style. "One night o.k., but not two or three weeks. We don't use any beds of your style. Cotton-padded quilts, seven feet long, four-and-half for children. You will notice your backache next morning. Uh-hah-hah-hah-uh," said Mr. Iwata laughing all over the place. "Use different pirrow from yours. Ours contains dried beans. It is very soft and not so hot as yours. Uh-hah-hah-hah-uh."

Sukiyaki, one of the few Japanese dishes known by Americans, is just for banquets. A tourist traveling Japanese style would more likely find himself involved with *sashimi,* which is sliced raw fish with soy sauce and seasoned with Japanese horseradish. Then comes fish in vinegar, pickled for three hours or three days depending upon the desired flavor. "We use pork, beef, chicken very much but taste of our cooking is very simple," explained Mr. Iwata, "also fried chicken but not in your style." Dinner and breakfast and a floor mat guaranteed to bring on a sacroiliac cost about $6 a day.

Western hotels have been released by the Army, but when they were still under requisition the Government allowed the construction of five new hotels in Tokyo and several others in key cities to accommodate buyers. These are also open to tourists. Besides, there are the old estab-

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lished hotels like the Kanaya in Nikko, the Imperial in Tokyo, and the New Grand in Yokohama. The new hotels are quite expensive, the old reliables run about $5 a day, and Western meals are about $6 a day, the figures being Mr. Iwata's.

The new manager of the Japan Travel Bureau is forty-two or, as he put it, "My life started two years ago." He looks perhaps ten years less than that, and when we informed him of our observation he laughed joyously. "Please keep this between you and me," he said. "Because whenever Mr. Agui, my assistant, finds out someone told me I look young for the age I got to buy him a drink. Uh-hah-hah-hah-uh."

This is Mr. Iwata's second assignment in the United States. He managed the Japan Travel Bureau in Los Angeles in 1937, where he had to look at forty-one houses before he could find a landlord who would rent to him. In 1940 he was moved to New York. "I closed the Japan Travel Bureau on August 31, 1941," he recalled. "I got orders from Tokyo, 'Come back by first ship available,' but no ship available." He had to wait until November 3 and while he was at sea his ship received a radiogram that Ambassador Kurusu was going to Washington to help Admiral Nomura with the talks going on at that time. "Our impression was that this Mr. Kurusu is just to help the regular ambassador who was admiral." It turned out that Mr. Kurusu left Hongkong by China Clipper for the U.S. and his route crossed the path of Iwata's homeward-bound ship.

"We never thought of war. I don't know how many telegrams I sent out to Tokyo asking for reason." The last word was an order from the Japanese consulate to go home. He thinks someone advised his home office to send that type of telegram, and that no one in the Japan Travel Bureau had been let in on the war plans.

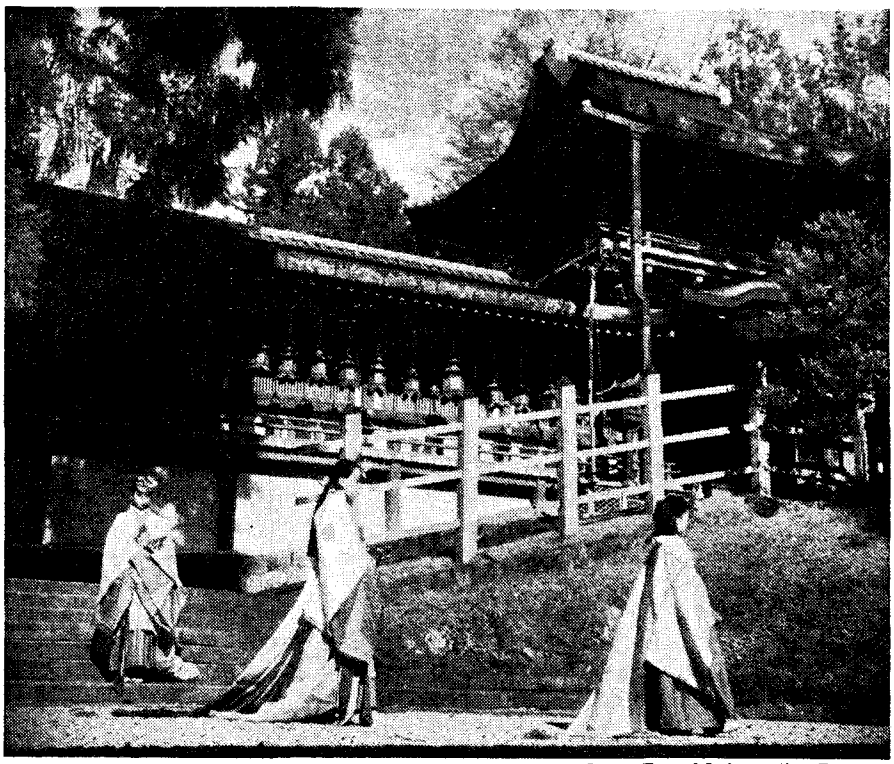
HE arrived in Japan on November 16, three weeks before the war. He worked in the Japan Travel Bureau, which is also the sole railroad ticket agency, first Toyko, then Osaka, then back in Tokyo. "Very frequent bombings. Uh-hah-hah-hah-uh." A Japanese 4-F, he never served in the army.

Since the war, Iwata has run afoul of no anti-Japanese feeling. "Many American people ask me direction of place they want to go. I am at corner Sixth Ave. and 49th St., people say, 'Would you direct me to the RCA Building?' I go like this," he said jerking his thumb over his shoulder. Then he broke into a great laugh.

Mr. Iwata's wife and son will join him in New York in September. He also had a daughter but she died at the age of ten last fall when he was in Europe. "Somewhere in my mind this girl gives me a really dark shade."

His boy, who is fourteen, is particularly anxious to leave Japan by August 31. "If he can leave Japan by 31 of August which is last day of summer vacation he will be very happy. The first day of September is first day of school and a few days after he is requested to show whole works which were done during vacation. These are home tasks sent out by teacher. They are very busy preparing for that. If he knows he can leave before 31 of August he doesn't have to do work. Uh-hah-hah-hah-uh."

This will be young Iwata's second trip to the United States, he having joined his father in Los Angeles in 1938 when he was six months old. Mr. Iwata thought a boy living in the U.S. ought to have an American name so he gave him one. "His Japanese name Seiichi, but we call him Jimmy, uh-hah-hah-hah." —HORACE SUTTON.



—*Japan Travel Information Bureau.*

Sacred dancers at Japan's Kasuga Shrine.

TRAVELERS' TALE

NEW YORK CITY. By Andrew Hepburn. Travel Enterprises Inc. $2. A soft-cover encyclopedia of how to keep yourself occupied in the big city, this guide follows other books on Florida, California, and New England previously published in this American Travel Series. It will take a little study to learn how to operate, but as an over-all guide it will prove invaluable to the millions who swarm eastward to New York every year as tourists. The five boroughs and Long Island and Westchester County are partitioned off and tagged with letters.

To find all about the section you're invading you turn to the corresponding letter inside the book. In addition there are features about such places as the Bronx Zoo describing the platypusary and the worm ranch that has been organized so the platypuses will be assured of a nutritious diet. There is a rather complete shopping guide that covers every type of local emporium from Bergdorf's to The Butterfly Shop. There is a rundown of Manhattan's mansions and Brooklyn's beaches. A special yellow-page section in the back of the book lists hotels and restaurants. The hotel prices are given, but the restaurant prices are designated only by adjective and here is my only quarrel with Mr. Hepburn. Out-of-towners, it seems to me, are going to find some of the choices considerably less "moderate" than the compilers have indicated. And there are some labeled "moderately expensive" where a modest dinner will run five or six dollars a person. Perhaps previous success with this series has gone to Mr. Hepburn's pocket. But the list offers a wide and varied choice, and the book insures a knowledgeable visit in New York. —H. S.

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REALISM & IMAGINATION

AS the fall books come in, in more or less of a flood, there seems to be an unusually large number of "easy reading" stories with a realistic background. They are, most of them, attractive in format, printed in large type, and well illustrated. They tell of little boys and girls who do the same things and live the same kind of life as real, and sometimes rather ordinary, little boys and girls. Some of them are told only for the story value. Others have a lesson, rather thinly veiled. Some have the saving grace of humor. Others are merely humdrum.

Looking back to a very long experience with boys and girls and their books, remembering the unbounded joy they shared in the old folk and fairy tales, their delight in their humor and vitality, the strangeness of the background and the rhythm of their wording, this reviewer wonders if the children of 1952 will not find so many of these realistic and sometimes commonplace stories a bit boring. After all, among these younger boys and girls are the future poets and composers, the inventors and scientists, the artists and novelists and historians. Surely imagination, the spark of a creative mind, originality in both author and artist are needed for a balanced fare in their reading. These things they will have, too, in the books of 1952. Are there, perhaps, too many of the type reviewed below? Let us take them seriously—but not *too* seriously. —MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE BEARS ON HEMLOCK MOUNTAIN. By Alice Dalgliesh. Illustrated by Helen Sewell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. No paging. $2.

In illustration and design this is the most distinguished of the books, so far, for the younger boys and girls. It is a very good story, too. There are freshness and humor in the tale of Jonathan who lived on a farm near Hemlock Mountain. No one but Jonathan believed that there *were* bears on the mountain—until he proceeded to prove it. There is a rhythmic repetition in the story's wording that will delight the children when it is read aloud. Helen Sewell's drawings, printed in a deep blue and black, are strong and realistic and lovely in design.

TIMMY AND THE TIGER. By Marjorie B. Paradis. Pictures by Marc Simont. New York: Harper & Bros. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a rather original story for boys and girls about a boy who knew what fear was. Timothy thought that when the family moved to the country his troubles would be over. The "city" fears would be gone, and there would be no new hazards to take their place. In a highly original way, he discovers that there are things to fear everywhere and that fear must be conquered within one's own mind and heart. There are very well-drawn characters in Timothy's story, and a good deal of a gentle, discerning humor. It is very modern, with a touch of satire on television programs and a very progressive lady big-game hunter who keeps a baby tiger in her guest room.

HUBBUB IN THE HOLLOW. By Irene Smith. Illustrated by Tony Palazzo. New York: Whittlesey House. 48 *pp.* $2.

Small boys and girls are going to have a lot of fun with this book. Alice and Albert live in the city, bothered by the noise and confusion and determined to find a home in the quiet of the country. They finally find a little old house set in a hollow of the hills.

—*By Robert Lawson from "Edward, Hoppy, and Joe."*

It is just right in every way. But for many years this house and its grounds have been the exclusive property of the little wild things. The pond has been the undisputed home of the wild ducks and frogs and turtles. They vigorously protest the coming of Alice and Albert. Irene Smith has worded their protests so well that each one seems to speak his own language in his own peculiar way. The dialogue is great fun when you read it aloud. Of course, Alice and Albert soon realize the attitude taken by their wild neighbors, and immediately proceed to do something about it. In a very short time an "entente cordiale" is established and there is peace in the hollow. Tony Palazzo's drawings in black and green, are amusing and effective.

KID BROTHER. By Jerrold Beim. New York: William Morrow & Co. 48 *pp.* $2.

This is an "easy reading" story that presents and solves a social problem. What is the ideal relationship between an older brother and a younger brother? The two boys are natural, well-drawn characters, but there is very little action to the story.

THE CUB SCOUT MYSTERY. By Dorothy Sterling. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. New York: Doubleday & Co. 191 *pp.* $2.50.

This is an account of how the Cub Scouts of Den Two were assigned to the newspaper office in their town for the "Know Your Neighborhood" project and solved the mystery of a bank robbery committed twelve years before. Mrs. Sterling knows boys. The eight members of Den Two are as different as boys can be, lively, original, and persistent. Their adventures in finding the stolen money make this a tale younger boys and girls are sure to enjoy.

EDWARD, HOPPY AND JOE. Written and Illustrated by Robert Lawson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 122 *pp.* $2.50.

Edward is a very young rabbit. Hoppy is a toad, and Joe is a possum. When we first meet them Edward's father is consulting with wise old Mr. Benjamin Beaver about the younger generation's inability to learn. The story tells how Edward and, incidentally, Joe and Hoppy, learn a great many things. They learn to swim, to manage a canoe, and to read. They learn *not* to interfere with automobiles and roller skates. They learn that when they are bad they are punished and when they are good they are popular. Old Benjamin Beaver

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is the best of their teachers. The endpapers and illustrations of this story are as lovely drawings of the Connecticut country and of small animals as Robert Lawton has made. Little more need be said.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF TING LING. By Vernon Bowen. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: David McKay Co. No paging. $2.

This is one of the few fantasies that have appeared so far in the fall books of 1952. The scene is China, and the story tells of a little juggler's assistant who bravely set out to do four almost impossible things in order to win the hand of the Emperor's daughter. Ting Ling is an appealing young person, and there is a gentle humor in his story. It is illustrated with characteristic drawings by Kurt Wiese.

THE MIXED-UP TWINS. Written and Illustrated by Carolyn Haywood. New York: William Morrow & Co. 125 pp. $2.50.

Carolyn Haywood has created two characters, Betsy and Eddie, who have become so real to the younger boys and girls that everything that they do or say is of interest. Her story, last year, of Eddie and his goat, Gardenia, met with universal approval. In this new tale she introduces a four-year-old girl, Vickie, and two four-year-old twins, Ronald and Donald. There is also the usual quota of mothers and two very kind and obliging policemen: It is, perhaps, not as funny as the Betsy and Eddie books; but it is a very good story with attractive illustrations.

THE FAMILY THAT GREW AND GREW. By Margaret J. Baker. Illustrated by Nora Unwin. New York: Whittlesey House. 121 pp. $2.25.

This is a pleasant little tale for younger boys and girls that tells of a little old English lady and her dog, Candy Buffalo. They opened a store in a little village and adopted a rather doubtful small boy called Charles Montgomery Churchill. Various complications followed, but Miss Basingstoke's adventure has a happy ending.

THREE BOYS AND THE REMARKABLE COW. By Nan Hayden Agle and Ellen Wilson. Illustrated by Marian Honigman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 127 pp. $2.

Following "Three Boys and a Lighthouse"—which little boys and girls have thoroughly approved—this is the story of triplets, Abercrombie, Benjamin, and Christopher, who acquire a large, rather ancient cow called Maggie Moo. To their joy, Maggie Moo presents them with triplet calves —one for each. The illustrations are funny and expressive and the style has the simplicity and repetition that little children like.

WHITEY AND THE BLIZZARD. By Glen Rounds. New York: Holiday House. 32 pp. $1.25.

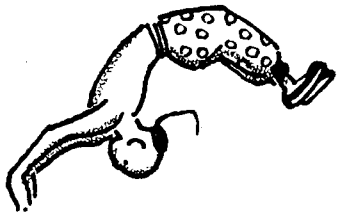
Ever since the younger boys and girls found "Whitey and the Rustlers" they have accepted him as one of their heroes. In this he has quite an adventure in a blizzard and comes through with flying colors. The drawings are even more effective than those in the first book about Whitey.

BENBOW AND THE ANGELS. By Margaret J. Baker. Decorations by Dorothy Lake Gregory. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 211 pp. $2.50.

Benbow, the hero of "Four Farthings and a Thimble," meets in this story four children who are living with the rector of a church in a little village in England. Busy, practical, and as full of ideas as ever, he helps them solve their problems. The story has good points, but it moves rather slowly.

THE FIRST BOOK OF AMERICA. By Edith Heal. Pictures by Fred Collins. New York: Franklin Watts. 93 pp. $1.75.

This history of the United States of America in the First Book Series is a satisfactory answer to a real need. To new Americans and to people of other countries who want to understand America it presents in a clear, simple text and many drawings an account of the development of a continent and of a country from its very beginnings. With the story are the American songs, the characteristic American heroes, and the words that have been said by great Americans.



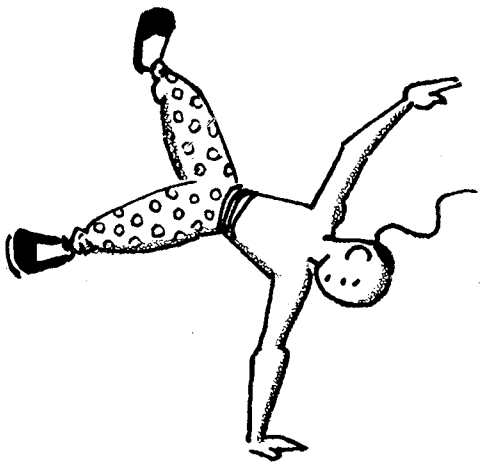
It is an attractive book with black-and-white illustrations.

THE REAL BOOK ABOUT PETS. By Barbara Bates. Illustrated by Mary Snedeker. New York: Garden City Books. 192 pp. $1.25.

THE REAL BOOK ABOUT THE TEXAS RANGERS. By Allyn Allen. Illustrated by C. L. Hartman. New York: Garden City Books. 192 pp. $1.25.

THE REAL BOOK ABOUT AIRPLANES. By Arch Whitehouse. Illustrated by Albert Orbaan. New York: Garden City Books. 190 pp. $1.25.

THE REAL BOOK ABOUT ALASKA. By Samuel Epstein and Beryl Wil-



—By Kurt Wiese from "The Wonderful Adventures of Ting Ling."

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liams. Illustrated by Mary Stevens. New York: Garden City Books. 191 *pp.* $1.25.

THE REAL BOOK ABOUT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT. By Eve Merriam. Illustrated by Bette J. Davis. New York: Garden City Books. 191 *pp.* $1.25.

This is a new series of factual stories in an attractive format that will appeal particularly to the younger boys and girls. They are fully illustrated, and are moderate in price. The editor of the series is Helen Hoke.

HIGH WATER AT CATFISH BEND. By Ben Lucien Burman. Illustrated by Alice Cady. New York: Julian Messner. $2.75.

It was strange to see Ben Lucien Burman's name on the jacket of a juvenile, and stranger still, considering his gifts and the place he had made for himself in American literature, to discover that he has in "High Water at Catfish Bend" stepped aside and let Doc Raccoon tell the story of how the mayor of New Orleans was persuaded to build a levee at forever-being-flooded Catfish Bend.

However, like Mr. Burman, he can be light without being inconsequential, witty but never cute, and he uses in his creation of scene and character for children the same simple but strong prose that adults have come to expect from Mr. Burman.

There came to Catfish Bend a flood so wild and powerful that Doc Raccoon, old and wise as he was in the way of floods, almost drowned before he landed on a small island inhabited by an old bull frog and a gigglesome rabbit. A half drowned black snake and a very much alive fox joined them, and for some days they struggled with starvation, the ever rising river, and each one's fear of or hunger for the other. However, they saved themselves through a mutual assistance pact, but not content with temporary safety the five decided to make Catfish Bend safe forever from the river. They knew it was up to them for the Catfish Bend farmers had failed repeatedly to convince the mayor and Army engineers that the Bend needed a levee. The animals succeeded, using somewhat the same tactics Moses used on Pharoah.

It is a wise tale with a moral particularly applicable to these times. The animals are never sugary or goody-goody, but have about them something of the same straight forward "I can be good, I can be bad" air that characterized the animals the original un-Disney-fied Pinnochio knew. —HARIETTE SIMPSON ARNOW.

In Paper Covers

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title and Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Consensus*
CIVILIZATION *Clive Bell* (Penguin: 35¢)	What is civilized man? What are the qualities and conditions which constitute a civilized state of society? A distinguished British art critic essays a definition.	A delightfully fresh and witty book which starts innumerable hares for the reader to pursue to his profit.
THE COMPLETE SONNETS, SONGS, AND POEMS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Ed. by H. W. Simon* (Pocket: 35¢)	Contains introductory notes, glossaries, and an index of first lines. In the same format as Pocket Books' other Shakespeare volumes, "Four Great Historical Plays," "Four Great Tragedies," and "Four Great Comedies" (35¢ each).	A fine buy for the coat pocket or the library shelf at home.
FIFTY GREAT SHORT STORIES *Ed. by Milton Crane* (Bantam: 35¢)	The work of fifty writers, mostly American and British, from Edgar Allan Poe to J. D. Salinger. Runs the gamut in subject matter and style.	All stories first-rate, many of them are relatively unfamiliar items.
A GROVE OF FEVER TREES *Daphne Rooke* (Signet: 25¢)	The emotional tensions between the Ashburns and the Elliots, two families living in a lonely stretch of Zululand north of Durban, reported by Danny Ashburn, a half mad invalid with an unimpaired memory for detail.	A brooding melodrama notable for its unusual background, sharply drawn characters, and well sustained suspense.
INSIDE U.S.A. *John Gunther* (Bantam: 2 vols., 35¢ each)	A report on contemporary political and social conditions in America, originally published in 1947 and thoroughly revised to bring it up-to-date. Vol. 1 covers California, the Northwest, the Midwest, and New England; Vol. 2 covers New York, the Middle Atlantic States, the South, Texas, and the Southwest.	One of the best works of journalism on the United States ever published.
LONG REMEMBER *MacKinlay Kantor* (Bantam: 35¢)	Daniel Bale, trying to avoid participation in the Civil War, changes his mind when he returns to his old home at Gettysburg, Pa., falls in love with the wife of a friend, and witnesses the events of July 1-3, 1863.	A first-rate historical novel, especially distinguished for its passages recreating the look and smell of war.
MADAME BOVARY *Gustave Flaubert* (Pocket: 35¢)	Emma Bovary, finding her dreams of romantic love unfulfilled in her marriage with a good-hearted but stupid village doctor, takes several lovers, piles up enormous debts, and ultimately commits suicide. Translated by Eleanor Marx-Aveling.	An attractive form in which to read or reread one of the first great realistic novels.
RIVER OF THE SUN *James Ramsey Ullman* (Pocket: 35¢)	A group of men (including Mark Allison, ex-Army pilot) and one woman (widowed Christine Barna) search the Brazilian jungle for a legendary river, a tributary of the Amazon.	Exciting adventure played against sharply described tropical scenes; philosophical undertones are lightweight.
A WORLD APART *Gustav Herling* (Mentor: 35¢)	The autobiographical account of a young Polish student who fled Nazi persecution in 1940, only to be captured by the Russians and held for two years in Soviet prisons and labor camps. Translated by Joseph Mareck.	This harrowing picture of modern infernos comes with a strong recommendation from Bertrand Russell.
THE YOUNG LOVERS (FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE) *Meyer Levin* (Signet: 25¢)	The Depression-scarred romance of Johnnie, who makes $25 a week in a mail-order house, for Frankie, a high-school girl. Newly revised by the author.	Tawdry tale of teen-age love written with tenderness and dignity.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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On the Record

A Personal Choice by Edward Tatnall Canby

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER RECORD NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

SMALL ORCHESTRA

COPLAND: THE RED PONY, film suite. (1948) THOMSON: ACADIAN SONGS AND DANCES ("LOUISIANA STORY"), film suite. (1948) The Little Orch. Soc., Scherman. Decca DL 9619

▶ These are top-notch recordings that set a new American standard for unobtrusive technical excellence. Clean, brilliant sound, modestly live, sharply edged but not stuntily, beautifully balanced with excellent presence, good separation of the semi-solo instruments typical of the small-orchestra ensemble. Surfaces of these and other recent Deccas are extraordinary—minutes go by without so much as the faintest tick or whisper of background noise. Especially good for the frequent very soft passages in Hindemith, Copland, Thomson.

Unexpected contest between two leading Americans in film music—the brilliantly contrived, disarmingly simple music of Thomson wins on points. Copland's "Our Town," unassuming, dignified, original, is too static, too harmonically repetitive to stand alone; his recent "Red Pony" revamps long-established Coplandisms without a new breath. An amusing and highly listenable pair of discs, the music ideal for the phonographic medium, competently played.

COPLAND: OUR TOWN, film suite. (1940-44) THOMSON: THE PLOUGH THAT BROKE THE PLAINS, film suite. Little Orch. Soc., Scherman. Decca DL 7527

STRAVINSKY: SUITES #1 AND #2 FOR SMALL ORCHESTRA. (1915-21) HINDEMITH: KLEINE KAMMERMUSIK, OP. 24, #1. (1921) Little Orch. Soc., Scherman. Decca DL 7529

Two deans of today's music in their naughty-boy stages. The Stravinsky is a delightfully nose-thumbing bit of super-skilled vulgarity, the Hindemith a surprising—for him—youthful abandon, coltish color music, high-spirited, long-winded, after Prokofiev and Stravinsky. Well turned out by the sometimes unsubtle Little Orch.

MOZART: VIOLIN CONCERTO #1, K. 207; #2, K. 211. Aida Stucki; Ton-Studio Orch. (Stuttgart), Lund. Period SPLP 549

▶ Excellent recording, fairly intimate in acoustics as it should be (but not dead—presence is excellent). The violin solos are a bit too prominent, too close; not annoyingly so. A strange annoyance is the running-together of movements and even separate pieces without proper interval—easily added in the tape editing, whatever the original may have been. Even three or four seconds at each point would have been plenty; not enough to make overall length excessive.

A scholarly new Mozart series, recording valuable material in the less-known (but perfectly good) concertos, symphonies, etc., plus the interesting substitute movements Mozart wrote for them to please captious players. A well-styled small ensemble with the proper formal intimacy—but rigid, unimaginative interpretation reduces the whole to an off-hand mean; the lighter parts are good but the subtle deeper moments go by unfelt. Stucki's fiddle is tremulous, unsteady; Swärdström's odd single movements are much better—he pulls the music together. Lund's beat is didactic.

MOZART: VIOLIN CONCERTO #7, K. 271a; RONDO, K. 373; ADAGIO, K. 261; RONDO, K. 269. Aida Stucki; Gustav Swärdström, vls. Ton-Studio Orch., Lund. Period SPLP 548.

MOZART: SYMPHONY #24, K. 182; MARCH IN F, K. 248; DIVERTIMENTO #10, K. 247. Ton-Studio Orch., Michael; Lund. Period SPLP 545

CLARA SCHUMANN: PIANO TRIO IN G, OP. 17. BEETHOVEN: TRIO #8 IN B FLAT (Posth.) Mannes-Silva-Gimpel Trio. Decca DL 9555

▶ More exploration of the 19th-century background [*SR* Aug 2]. The Clara Schumann trio is fascinating for the student of art. Product of a great interpretive pianist, wife of a composer, it is ably and skilfully written—Clara had a thorough training in composition—reeks of Robert Schumann, is wholly unoriginal, completely sincere; its thematic material is expressive and beautiful in Schumann manner, but construction, though outwardly expert, is woefully thin—one can feel the inspiration lag, the skilful academic-Schumann formulas roll on! Well worth any amateur critic's close attention. Kreutzer, Viennese Beethoven contemporary, writes a Septet astonishingly like B.'s in style and instrumentation—and astonishingly poor music, considering its entirely competent exterior. Again—compare with Beethoven, Op. 20, and learn much of musical essentials. Composition students take note.

KREUTZER: GRAND-SEPTET IN E FLAT, OP. 62. Members of the Vienna Octet. London LLP 420

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(Continued on page 42)

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BRIDGE ROAD FARM, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont, offers unusual vacations, home-grown food.

DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY LIVING, excellent food. SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vermont.

COLONIAL CHARM, luscious food, casual and intimate, midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Delightful walking trails—country auctions—golf and riding nearby LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

AFTER BLISTERING SUMMER HEAT, cool off in gentle climate of GREEN TREE INN, Hebron, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

SIAMESE DANCER MARA will be back at Seven Hills and jazz expert John Mehegan at the piano for the Labor Day Weekend. All this plus new clay tennis courts. Swimming, boating, fabulous gardens. Fireplaces, records, books old and new. SEVEN HILLS, Lenox 5, Mass.

TEA AND CRUMPETS in the kitchen nighttime brings a feeling of conviviality at informal SOUTHWIND. Woodbourne, N. Y.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal, country life; good food, comfortable beds.

SCRIBNER HILL FARM, Oxford, Maine. Lake, mountains, view, rural recreations.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 960

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Successor to Colley Cibber as poet laureate of England.	72 1 85 27 16 6 32 3 13
B. Members of a society, founded 1884 in England, to spread gradually the socialistic philosophy.	168 14 157 70 26 21 8
C. A woman's light scarf or head covering usually of wool knit or crocheted.	127 94 177 56 44 107 24 103 80
D. The doctrine of origins.	30 172 142 25 123 36 104 162 89
E. Birthplace of Garibaldi.	166 146 129 39
F. The wine mingled with water to celebrate the Eucharist in Oriental churches.	185 163 88 57 13
G. A *member of a modern* religious sect succeeding the Babis.	63 61 29 97 45
H. American landscape artist whose works are in outstanding art museums (1825-94).	28 4 109 47 159 50
I. American chemist, Nobel prize, 1914.	170 66 161 139 116 11 113 90
J. First name of the subject of a drama by Tennyson.	178 41 143 99 158 20
K. At *random* (comp.).	60 128 174 55 96 53 132 114 43 156
L. "Or else," offering the choice of a simpler passage (It.; music direction).	22 98 119 140 120

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. A *pottery district in England,* immortalized by Arnold Bennett in his trilogy (2 wds.).	46 91 31 33 62 183 152 81 121
N. The tip or summit of anything.	68 35 73 75
O. To cry with a low whining, broken voice.	9 131 175 125 134 118 69
P. Thoroughgoing; absolute (comp).	17 108 59 137 151 40 10 165 115
Q. Hero of a Shakespeare tragedy.	38 150 155 126 184
R. Latin epic poet and playwright, of Greek origin (fl. 3rd century B.C.).	12 7 67 79 18 181
S. Low-spirited.	5 83 141 76 64 144 167 52 136 111
T. An exhibition of *small* animals, mostly dogs, in competition for prizes (2 wds.).	182 58 176 147 102 54 179 164 23
U. To surpass in foresight or insight.	37 100 117 133 74 112
V. *Bounds (noun).*	65 149 86 173 122 154
W. An indweller.	160 93 87 135 148 77
X. A spectator.	145 180 2 171 51 19
Y. Valuable fur animal of the *most northern regions.* (2 wds.).	124 15 82 105 48 101 95 169 34
Z. One of the three basic principles of Jainism (2 wds.).	78 110 92 106 49 71 153 42 138 84

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

					1 A	2 X		3 A	4 H	5 S		6 A	7 R	8 B		9 O	10 P
11 I	12 R	13 A		14 B	15 Y	16 A		17 P	18 R	19 X	20 J		21 B	22 L	23 T		
24 C	25 D	26 B	27 A		28 H		29 G	30 D	31 M	32 A		33 M	34 Y	35 N	36 D	37 U	
38 Q	39 E	40 P		41 J	42 Z	43 K		44 C	45 G	46 M	47 H		48 Y	49 Z		50 H	
51 X	52 S	53 K	54 T		55 K	56 C		57 F	58 T		59 P	60 K	61 G	62 M		63 G	
64 S	65 V	66 I	67 R	68 N	69 O		70 B	71 Z		72 A	73 N		74 U	75 N	76 S	77 W	
78 Z	79 R	80 C	81 M	82 Y	83 S		84 Z	85 A	86 V		87 W	88 F	89 D		90 I	91 M	
92 Z	93 W	94 C	95 Y	96 K		97 G	98 L		99 J	100 U	101 Y	102 T		103 C	104 D		
105 Y	106 Z	107 C		108 P	109 H	110 Z	111 S	112 U	113 I		114 K	115 P	116 I	117 U	118 O	119 L	
	120 L	121 M		122 V	123 D		124 Y	125 O	126 Q	127 C	128 K	129 E	130 F		131 O	132 K	
133 U	134 O	135 W	136 S	137 P		138 Z	139 I	140 L	141 S		142 D	143 J	144 S	145 X	146 E	147 T	
148 W	149 V	150 Q	151 P		152 M	153 Z	154 V		155 Q	156 K		157 B	158 J	159 H	160 W	161 I	
	162 D	163 F	164 T	165 P	166 E	167 S		168 B	169 Y	170 I		171 X	172 D	173 V	174 K	175 O	
176 T	177 C		178 J	179 T	180 X	181 R		182 T	183 M	184 Q	185 F						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 30 of this issue.

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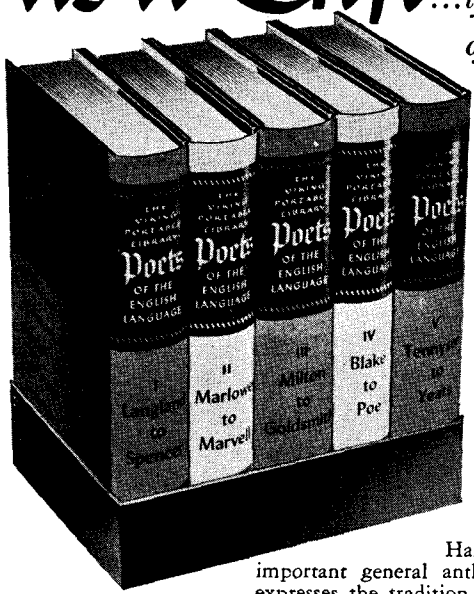

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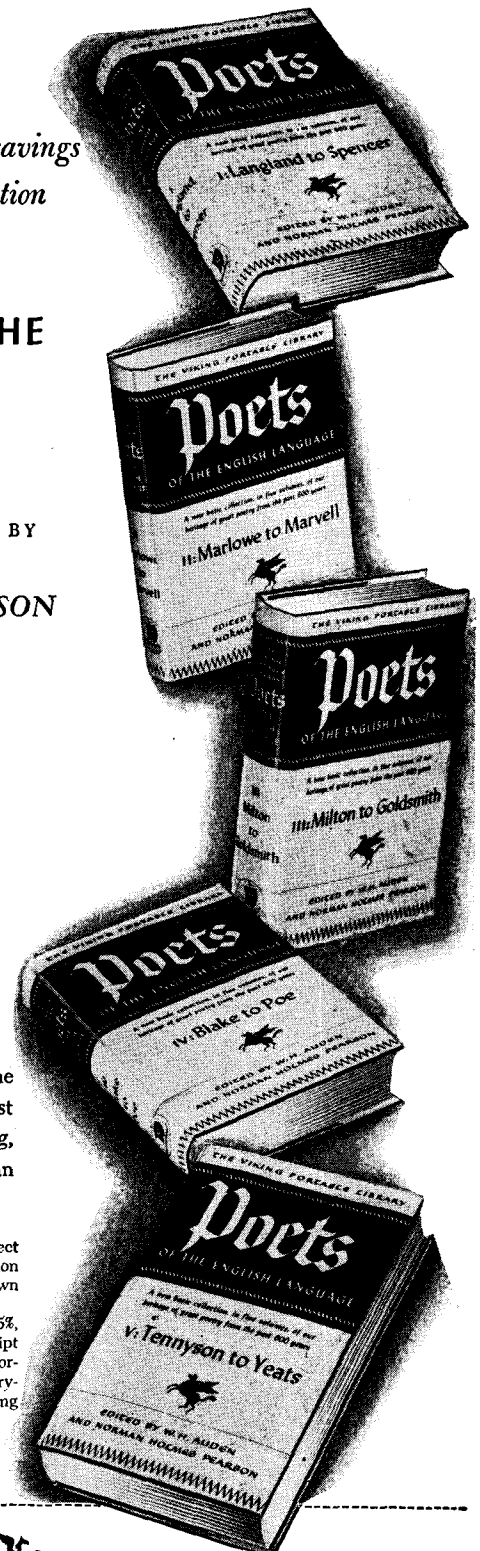

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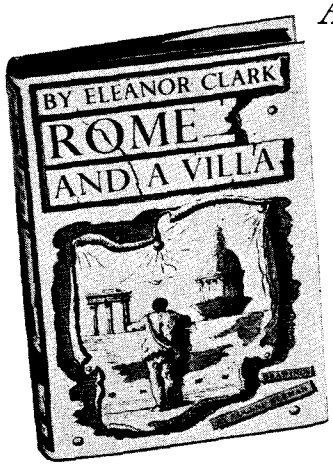

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